
TOBY

The STORY
• *of* a DOG •





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TOBY



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ТОВУ.

TOBY

BY

ELIZABETH E. GOLDSMITH

“There are men and women in the world who, of their own free will, live a dog-less life not knowing what they miss.”

— HENRY C. MERWIN'S *Dogs and Men*.

ILLUSTRATED



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TO

L. W. R.

WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT AND INTEREST
OPENED AGAIN THE WAY.

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TOBY

“The dog, O Spitama Zarathustra! I, Ahura-Mazda have made self-clothed and self-shod, watchful, wakeful, and sharp-toothed, born to take his food from man and to watch over man’s goods. I, Ahura-Mazda have made the dog strong of body against the evil-doer, and watchful over your goods when he is of sound mind.

“And whosoever shall awake at his voice, neither shall the thief nor the wolf steal anything from his house, without his being warned: the wolf shall be smitten and torn to pieces; he is driven away, he flees away.

* * * * *

“If those two dogs of mine, the shepherd’s dog and the house dog pass by the house of any of my faithful people, let them never be kept away from it. For no house could subsist on the earth made by Ahura, but for those two dogs of mine, the shepherd’s dog and the house dog.

“Whosoever shall smite either a shepherd’s dog, or a house dog, or a Vohunazga dog, or a trained dog, his soul, when passing to the other world, shall fly amid louder howling and fiercer pursuing than the sheep does when the wolf rushes upon it in the lofty forest.

“No soul will come and meet his departing soul and keep it through the howls and pursuit in the other world; nor will the dogs that keep the Kinvad bridge help his departing soul through the howls and pursuit in the other world.”

— *Zend Avesta, Part I, The Vendîdâd.* Trans.
by James Darmesteter.

“The dog, independently of his beauty, vivacity, strength and swiftness, has all the interior qualities which can attract the regard of man. The tame dog comes to lay at his master’s feet his courage, strength and talents, and waits his orders to use them; he consults, interrogates and beseeches; the glance of his eye is sufficient, he understands the signs of his will. Without the vices of man he has all the ardour of sentiment; and, what is more, he has fidelity and constancy in his affections; no ambition, no interest, no desire of revenge, no fear but that of displeasing him; he is all zeal, all warmth, and all obedience; more sensible to the remembrance of benefits than of wrongs, he soon forgets, or only remembers them to make his attachment the stronger; far from irritating, or running away, he even exposes himself to new proofs; he licks the hand which is the cause of his pain, he only opposes it by his cries, and at length entirely disarms it by his patience and submission.”


— Buffon.

*“One animal alone, among all that breathes upon the earth has succeeded in breaking through the prophetic circle, in escaping from itself to come bounding toward us, definitely to cross the enormous zone of darkness, ice and silence that isolates each category of existence in nature’s unintelligible plan.” — Maeterlinck’s *Our Friend the Dog*.*

TOBY

CHAPTER I

“Dogs live with man as courtiers round a monarch, steeped in the flattery of his notice and enriched with sinecures.” — R. L. STEVENSON.

O present a fox terrier pup to a girl as an alleviation of her woe over the recent death of a much-beloved pug, was, as one comes to think about it, a stroke of genius.

Thus Toby entered into our life after seven years of tranquil existence with Wrinkles. For seven years, ever since she came to us a tiny puppy of eight weeks, Wrinkles the pug had delighted us with her cunning ways. Hers was the happy lot to be a pug in the days of the pug,—in the days when everything possible and impossible was fashioned in the likeness of a pug's head, and when those who could not aspire to a real pug had a china one life size. Who, indeed, but the past owner of a

thoroughbred pug can realise what it meant in those days to have for your very own a plump, wrinkly little live pug, whose skin was soft and loose, whose forehead a mass of adorable frowns, who had eyes of love, and oh, best of all ! — a tail that curled tightly around *twice* to the side of her back. Ah, to no other has it ever been revealed the love that a tightly curled tail inspires!

Little Wrinkles had no distinct purpose in life except to love and to be loved, and incidentally to pick up every scrap of food she could find. Day in and day out her mistress was obliged to wrestle with Wrinkles on the question of diet. Her pride indeed was centred upon having Wrinkles “keep her figure”; and to the girl’s glory — not Wrinkles’, be it said — in her old age of seven years, the average span of life for a pug, no one would have dreamed to look at her that she was more than a pug in her teens.

And every day she might be discovered haunting the precincts of the garbage can, which she watched with patient, inquisitive, and hope-

ful interest, trusting that, soon or late, by some careless oversight — such as leaving off the cover — its mysterious and delectable contents might be revealed to her.

That there was carelessness of which she surreptitiously availed herself, without scruple and without shame, was often proved by her anxiety on these occasions when any of us would happen to approach a wide divan well banked up with sofa pillows. Before we could be seated, Wrinkles would leap up upon it and begin frantically to dig and poke behind the pillows, tumbling them about in a frenzy of excitement until she had succeeded in unearthing her choice bit, which she held in her mouth, resting her cause now openly upon the nine points of possession, and breathing such defiance that, had she been a mastiff, we would have retreated in alarm. As she was only a wee little pug, however, more times than not, alas, she had to submit to having it taken away from her — and still she loved the girl !

She had her moments of joy, though, — joy far greater, may we not believe, than as if all

her days had been spent in sluggish, slumberous, fat puggy content. When her harness was put on, for instance, with a fresh bow of ribbon tied smartly on the back, — a big bow of wide yellow satin ribbon that harmonised to perfection with her fawn-coloured and tawny brown skin, — her pride in her own good looks was divertingly unmistakable. She would be all a-quiver with vanity and delight, and would prink and preen and look over her shoulder and shake herself, as if to make the bells on her harness proclaim aloud her joy; then all impatience, with an air of the utmost importance she would start off on a visit of ceremony to each member of the family, making the rounds of the house. And not until she had attracted each one's attention, been petted, and heard the expected words, "What a beautiful little dog you are!" would she be satisfied. Surely at times like these even little Wrinkles must have thought that dieting pays. Then indeed was the garbage can forgotten and we knew that she was glad she had been denied and kept a thing of beauty to the last.



WRINKLES.

No wonder there was a grieving household when the time came to part with this little embodiment of love, and vanity, and beauty, and all endearing ways.

And then the male member of the family said one day to the girl, looking at her in a most ingratiating, yet half-pitiful way, as much as to say, Come, brace up ! There are others (other manners, other ways), "How would you like to have me send you a fox terrier pup ?"

She replied indifferently, "Oh, send him if you like." Her manner of acceptance said plainly enough, however, "Do your best to make up to me, but there never, never will be another little dog that can take Wrinkles' place with me."

Did he argue it out to himself that a fox terrier pup in a family means plenty of work and a vast amount of entertainment, and that plenty of work and even a small amount of entertainment will cure most troubles, be they great or small ?

Ah, no ! We may be sure that he did not. Genius is never conscious thinking. It simply and unhesitatingly divines. With some it

manifests itself in devising ways to heal up wounds and "make you happy." And male members of a family, one sometimes thinks, are more highly endowed with this sort than even those who are nearest to them are apt to realise.

And so to introduce a cyclone, a whirlwind, a merry, busy, engaging little bit of forked lightning into a house, that was mouldering away from the damp of tears over the loss of a quiet, loving, cuddly little pug, was, we may repeat, to display genius of no common order.

Truly did the wise male member divine that we would now have no time on our hands in which to indulge in sentimental grief.

As a panacea for every earthly woe a fox terrier pup can be recommended.

It was in the late summer when Toby arrived by express from New York. He brought with him a pedigree so exalted, that it seemed an overwhelming responsibility to the girl to bring up even a dog with such a family tree. It took only a short time for her to learn, however, that in spite of his pedigree, he was an utterly principle-less little scamp with absolutely no

morals whatever. He would kill, steal, sneak, deceive, and as for obeying — he hadn't a notion of it.

He was scarcely three months old, with a gloriously rakish black patch over his right eye and two black patches on his back. And now, instead of a gentle, adorable little pug, who was only happy where you were, imagine, if you will, an animated steel trap that is possessed by insatiable curiosity, and you have Toby.

He was much too busy by day to give you a thought, but evenings a wholly reprehensible little bundle of ridgy muscles would bound into your lap with the force and velocity of a cannon ball. If by chance you pushed him off, he regarded this act of yours as the most cordial invitation possible for him to leap up again. Impetuously a warm red tongue would be extended to lick your face, and only long practice in the art of dodging enabled you successfully to evade it.

But when he stopped to look at you straight in the face — at this moment in full possession of your lap — looked at you with sharp, im-

perative little eyes in which only rampant, unbridled mischief lurked — you might well be on your guard. There was something about anything “as plain as a man’s nose on his face” that interested Toby, and required almost microscopic investigation. And Toby, we may add, was inconceivably persevering when things interested him. He would cease paying attention to anything else and regard you as if completely fascinated, then make a sudden spring at your face, bringing his teeth together with a click — just missing, by a quick duck on your part, taking off neatly and unconcernedly the most prominent feature you owned. In truth, it was not until Toby’s puppy days were well past that we felt our noses safe.

But if his evenings were spent in making playful dashes at your nose — not so his days.

Toby marked the first day of his advent among us by killing a full-grown cat that was more than twice his size. Doing it, for that matter, with a swift precision and finished skill that made one think uncannily of the reincarnation of some famous duellist.

The second day the corpses of fourteen little chickens were found strewn about the lawn; Toby having a busy, alert air; and wearing a bright and cheerful smile. When confronted with them, he preserved his alert and busy air and gazed unblushingly from them to us, still smiling at us brightly.

The third day the girl awoke to her responsibilities, and attempted to keep Toby under her eye, and the number of times that pup vanished from her sight makes the day memorable. It still fills her with shame even now, as she thinks about it, that on a farm of several hundred acres, with an inviting strip of woods stretching back of the house for miles, and the house itself on cross-roads with the grounds about it unfenced — it still fills her with abject shame, not that she failed, but that she should have tried in such surroundings to do a thing so absurdly impossible.

But what a home it was, though, for a little fox terrier of a curious and investigating turn of mind! Surely it is an enticing and thrilling experience, that of exploring every nook and cranny of one's new home — and with such

interesting specimens of natural history about, there was a life's occupation here for Toby.

The record of slaughter for the third day, as near as his mistress could make out, following wearily and anxiously upon the trail of her new pet, was one more cat, three kittens, seventeen small chickens, and two broilers.

He had eluded her ninety-seven times and twice had been absolutely lost for hours — as lost as if the earth had swallowed him up.

And each time he was lost the story of Jack, a red Irish setter, came ominously to mind. Toby's new home stood on a hill facing another hill three-quarters of a mile distant, where nestled a little village consisting of a post-office, a blacksmith's shop, a Methodist church, and a general store where all things from tacks to cough syrup could be bought. On its rambling streets that led off this way and that, merging themselves before you realised it into winding, country roads, clustered the pretty, simple homes of simple, unambitious people. Between the house on the hill and the village of Waverly lay the meadows, low flat land upon which clumps of wild

iris grew. And through these meadows, with the station hardly a stone's throw from the house, just at the foot of the hill, ran a railroad track.

One morning, long before the days of Wrinkles, Jack had been found lying before the door of the village store when the proprietor went down to open up. The dog wore a handsome collar locked on but bearing no name. His coat was glossy and beautifully fine, he had tawny brown eyes that laughed at you, and indeed every bit of him was instinct with joy and grace and that nameless spirit that invites love and approbation. One had only to look at him to know that he had been dearly loved and cared for by someone.

Yet now everything about his dejected and imploring air bespoke the lost dog.

“He was lost ! — not a shade of a doubt of that ;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw
With a drooping ear and a trembling paw,
And a mournful look in his pleading eye
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,
O, Mister ! please may I follow you ?”

How the man could have resisted anything so friendly and ingratiating lying there at his very door, we were never able to imagine. Evidently he had no eye for a dog. His heart, stony and insensible as it was, however, melted enough for him to try to find him a home where dogs were loved and wanted. And with that thought in mind he offered him to us, and Jack was a lost dog no longer.

How many times we thought of his former owner and wondered where he was now and what he was like. He would be young and handsome, we children agreed, with something dashing about him, something brave, compelling, and irresistible. Peggie pictured him a blond, tall, athletic, with blue eyes and a sun-tanned face that made his beautiful white teeth look all the whiter when he showed them in a merry smile. But Nancy thought *probably* he was a brunette, with large piercing black eyes, and hair dark as a raven's wing. Janet was less positive as to looks and complexion. He might be like Rochester or Sir Lancelot or Siegfried, she explained oracularly to her

sisters. If he were like Rochester he would be dark, and cross, and domineering, and ideally ugly to look at, but nothing mattered some way when you were with him. If he were like Sir Lancelot, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake — “Lancelot the flower of bravery” — he would be dark, too. For

“underneath his helmet flow’d
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.”

But if he were like Siegfried the Dragon Slayer, he would be fair. “Our King Siegmund with his consort the beauteous Siegelinde, had a youthful son, who was fair and strong and of a lofty spirit. While an infant on his mother’s lap, his clear blue eyes glanced brightly as those of an eagle, and whoever beheld him could at once perceive that in him the heroic spirit of his race existed and that his name would one time be mentioned with honour.”

“It would be nice if he *were* fair,” Janet said musingly as she closed the book. But we could all see from these descriptions that complexion after all was a minor matter. And of one thing

we were as a unit in our firm belief that no one old or crabbed could have owned such a dog as Jack.

And how we dreamed that we should meet him some day ! Jack would be with us looking even handsomer and better cared for, and we pictured his joy and Jack's as they caught sight of each other ! And after their rapturous greeting, we, as faithful stewards, would come in for our share. Our young god — far handsomer he was than we had dared to dream — would tell us that we had won his undying gratitude. And then — of course, he would take Jack away from us — it *wasn't* a nice story at all. But Janet of more powerful imagination suggested a less dismal ending. He might not come for a long, *long* time, not until some of us were quite grown up. And then he might like one of us so well, that he would leave us Jack and stay with us, too, himself: "He might be the Hero, you know." And so for many a year the hero he was of all our childish dreams — this wonderful, unknown owner of Jack.

But we never saw him. We never learned

his name. Many, many months later, however, we were told that a young fellow, on his way west on a hunting trip — no one told us whether he was good looking or not, but *we knew* — had stopped off for several hours at a neighbouring village trying to get track of his dog. The dog had been tied by a rope in the baggage car, and when the train stopped at this point, his master had gone in to see him and had found only the gnawed end of the rope. The dog was gone.

In much grief, he had waited around disconsolately, offering a large reward to anyone who would find the dog for him. The strange thing about it all, however, was, that not a soul could recall having seen such a dog. So finally, after aimlessly searching here and there without finding a trace of him, his owner had departed without leaving his name or address.

When we heard this story, we knew without any question that Jack was that lost hunting dog. The time coincided perfectly with Jack's appearance in Waverly, and, if we needed further proof, we had but to tie him up when we did

not wish him to follow. Before we had driven two miles he was sure to overtake us with the gnawed end of a rope or strap dangling from his collar. To gnaw himself away from restraint was a passion with Jack.

Jack was no fighter, and in all the drives in which he accompanied us willy-nilly, he never met but one dog that he was able to subdue. And his haughtiness to that one dog — his magnificent air of heroic self-sufficiency — was the most insupportably arrogant thing one could possibly conceive of! Especially was it so to us who were the daily witnesses of his craven attitude to other dogs. We learned to watch for his sudden disappearances as we approached houses where dogs of fighting tendencies lurked, waiting to do him up. He knew them all, these ill-tempered, fighting dogs, as he sauntered forth so gaily, so persistently a part of our apanage; knew just where a wide detour would be advisable for him, and just where he could catch up with us again with safety. He had all a red Irish setter's love for chasing anything that would run before him — anything

that would give him an excuse to run himself. Birds circling in the air, sheep peacefully grazing in the pastures as we drove by, and other person's turkeys, and cats, and chickens — indeed, our drives about the country with Jack's exhilarating attendance were never without excitement. Jack had a nature that would have picked up amusement out of the dull earth itself.

Still amusing and agreeable as we found our dog, yet it must be owned that his presence as he scampered through the country with us was not infrequently attended by scandal. To stop for a little carriage call upon one of your friends — who likes not dogs, by the bye — and then to have your dog appear on the road ahead with nearly a whole ham in his mouth, seems, even to you, who hastily drive on, a not unnatural cause for comment. You drive on, but there are other mortifying possibilities for you. You mutter despairingly, "What shall we do?" as, with a town looming near, you see Jack whisk out of some farmer's back yard and caper gaily ahead with a half-grown

chicken in his mouth. But trust Jack to conceal his crime. Just as we are about to enter the town and all seems lost, Jack pauses for a moment on the bank of a small stream that meanders through the outskirts, and we see him carefully drop his victim into the water, watch it sink out of sight, and then trot light-heartedly on.

Chickens and cats and birds and sheep were playthings not to be despised, yet it is questionable if any mere live thing was half so fascinating to Jack as a swiftly moving train of cars.

The railroad at the foot of the hill was built through the farm after Jack came to us. And whether he regarded the innovation as something to be resented — whether he looked upon each train as an unwelcome intruder upon his own especial domain, or whether it was to give it the salute joyous and amicable, to give it greetings of admiration because it was something so big, imposing, urgent, moving, alive — whatever it was that impelled him we were never quite able to make out, but whenever he heard a train whistle, as they did just before coming

around the bend, Jack would dash down the hill, wait for it at the crossing, and, unless it was moving too rapidly for him, he would dart back and forth in front of the engine barking furiously and excitedly. It seemed a perilous enterprise and, at first, everyone who saw him, including the engineers themselves, was in terror. In time, however, our apprehensions wore off. It was evident that Jack had the whole matter of time, and speed and space gauged to a nicety. And he would return to the house, after the train had entirely removed itself from the farm on its onward way east or west, with a manner of well-earned complacency.

Possibly he thought he had been the cause of sending the trespasser off the place.

In any case, this meeting of every train as it went through, Jack assumed as one of his responsibilities in life. And with what *verve* and liveliness and gusto he did it! He was so handsome, so playful, and so fearlessly sure of himself that he became a perfect pet with the engineers and trainsmen. They all knew him and would say smilingly, as they blew the

whistle for Waverly, "Now look out for Jack!"

One day we missed Jack. He did not come home that night. All the next day and the day following he was gone. Four days went by and no one could tell us what had become of Jack.

The master of the house became more and more distressed and anxious, and finally, on the fourth day, he unburdened his soul and told us that on the morning of the day Jack had disappeared he had been obliged to punish him severely.

It seemed that Jack had followed him as usual into one of the fields that morning where he had gone to supervise the work of a new farmer. The farmer's young son was there, too, and with him his dog. Now, however problematic Jack's attitude might be towards the trains, and however averse he might be to fighting strange dogs on the road, — averse to the point of seeming cowardice, — there was no mistaking his frame of mind towards another dog on the place.

He was beside himself with jealous, vindictive

rage. He made no doubt of his intentions to make mince-meat of this insolent upstart. He would chew him up and have done with him forever. And nearly did he succeed, moreover, before his master could pull him off.

His master's pity for the grieving boy and his bruised and lacerated pet had lent a double edge to his fury against his own dog, who had betrayed him so inhospitably. Reprimanding him sharply and sternly, he seized a horsewhip from the farmer and whipped Jack for the first time. Jack had looked up at him, his brown eyes that had always laughed before, now full of unspeakable anguish and humiliation. His master, pointedly ignoring him, notwithstanding his utter grief and abasement, turned to the sobbing boy and leaned down to pet the wounded dog.

Jack had looked at them for a moment and then had slunk away. And the last his master could recall of him was seeing him go down through the field in the direction of the railroad track presumably to bark at an approaching train.

The master told this to his family on that

fourth day as if he wished to beg us to assure him that we saw no connection between the punishment and the disappearance of Jack. We responded bravely and loyally to the unspoken wish, taxing our imagination for plausible explanations, and asserting stoutly our belief that Jack would come back. Yet we said it with sinking hearts, and there was the shadow of grief about us all. We could not shake off the feeling of uneasiness, and alas ! the next day word came that a track-walker had just told someone in the village of finding the crushed and mangled body of a dog a few days before, lying a lifeless heap on the tracks. He had thrown it to one side, never thinking of Jack. But now that everyone on the road was commenting upon the dog's absence, he had be-thought him of what he had found.

Jack's master hastened to the spot indicated by the track-walker, and there on the edge of the farm, that he in his dog way had watched and guarded so unwearyingly, lay indeed all that was left of poor, loving, reckless, high-spirited Jack !

Some writer of imagination got hold of the story and it went the rounds of the newspapers under the heading "Suicide of a Dog after being Punished by his Master."

If this were the story of Jack — and surely no dog had a more adventurous, romantic, and tragic history — one might take the time to speculate over the question of deliberate suicide or accident.

It would be only speculation, however. The truth we never knew.

The engineer who saw him last vowed with energy and emotion that no engine of his had caused the death of Jack. He was hauling a tremendously long train of freight, and the train was moving very slowly. It was an intensely warm day in early spring and he recalled that Jack had gone back and forth in front of the engine more languidly than usual, and as the train gained in impetus, he ceased the attack, having done his full duty. It was further thought by those who scouted the suicide theory that finding himself left on the wrong side of the track, — the wrong side

being the side that was not home, — he had grown tired of waiting for that interminable train to pass, that seemed to crawl like a snail, and relying upon his own quickness and agility, he had attempted to get back home by darting under one of the moving cars, and miscalculating the speed of the train, had been crushed to death.

As one thinks of proud, gay, loving, head-strong, jealous Jack, what a storm of feeling must have been in his heart as he responded to the call of the whistle — to that duty he had taken upon himself! Responded mechanically or desperately, who can say? Whether he courted death or death overtook him, there is no question that the whipping — if it did not break his heart, broke his spirit. And there isn't much difference, is there, whether it is your spirit or your heart that's broken? You are finished — done for, in either case. Poor Jack!

And now each time that rascally little fox terrier pup lost himself, the girl had visions of a lifeless little white body lying alongside the railroad track, crushed to death as poor Jack had been by some monster train of cars.

Whatever had happened to him, this thing was sure — the proverbial eel and flea could not be mentioned with Toby. And the loss of Wrinkles, placid, comfortable, adorable Wrinkles, whose only real form of activity and resistance had concentrated itself upon the garbage can, seemed more and more immeasurable as the hazards and excitements of the day advanced.

The first time Toby disappeared, James had finally located him under the hennery, where he was just putting the finishing touches to a full-grown hen. James managed to crawl under and bring him forth, spirits as rampant as ever, and restore him to the care of his anxious mistress.

It must be confessed that, when late in the afternoon of that memorable third day, again he was not to be found, when again whistles and calls were unavailing, again the earth had apparently swallowed him up, the girl broke into a storm of tears.

Metaphorically and vociferously she washed her hands of him. If he were lying dead on the railroad track, so much the better. Infinitely

better to have it now than later, for — here she sobbed anew — she wasn't fond of him yet, and later she might be. A dog of his temperamental activity was bound to come to an untimely end, so let it come now — she preferred it, she announced with a desperate air of finality, and would accept it with becoming grace and meekness; in fact, she concluded viciously, she would hail it with considerable joy; for she could readily foresee that what might be an apparent affliction would in reality be a felicitous release from no end of care and trouble.

Thus she harangued, not to the empty air, for the whole family, including the maids, James, the farmer and his wife and four children, were assembled with her on the lawn. Everyone had turned in on this search, and they were all looking worn and haggard after having scattered themselves to no purpose over a two hundred and fifty acre farm, besides peering into every nook and corner of house, stable, and outbuildings.

The hopelessness of keeping track of a dog of Toby's inextinguishable curiosity and interest

in such an immense variety of things, continued to assail the girl poignantly. It must indeed have lent an unaccustomed accent of despair to her voice, which, with such a lot of people crowding around, and all talking together, aroused Toby's interest, for suddenly he appeared from underneath a grapevine trellis not ten feet away, and dropping a nice young broiler at the girl's feet, he surveyed her inquiringly.

He was ready for any new thing that was going on, if it promised to be exciting, his look told her, and it did not require much discernment on the part of a sharp-witted little fox terrier to detect that there was a considerable amount of excitement in the girl's voice.

Toby stood there looking up into her face expectantly, and from that moment his mistress adored him.

From that moment, too, she ceased her attempt of the impossible, which was that of keeping Toby under eye. For Toby was a very man-like dog; no woman could successfully keep him under her eye. And so realising

this, she saw that she must begin to train him — one can do this sometimes with a dog — so that his conduct would be such that she could trust him, even when away from her, to almost any extent.

And no one will gainsay that to arrive at such a trustful state of things requires considerable training sometimes, — training or shutting your eyes. And if it is a situation where you cannot train, you would much better shut your eyes.

Johannes Caius in a short treatise on "Englishe Dogges," written in Latin and newly drawn into English by one Abraham Fleming in 1576, speaks of a dogge called Terrar, in Latin Terrarius. Of him the old writer says, "Another sorte there is which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars because they (after the manner and custom of Ferrets in searching for Connyes) creepe into the grounde, and by that means make a frayde, nyppe, and bite the Foxe and the Badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in pieces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of their lurking Angles, darke Dongeons, and close Caves; or else through conceived feare, drive them out of theyr hollow Harbours, insomuch, if they are not taken by Nette or otherwise, they are compelled to prepare for flighte, and being desirous of the next, albeit not the safest refuge, they are oft-times entrapped with Snares and Nettes layde over Holes for the same purpose."

"The Terrier has a most acute sense of smelling and an inveterate enmity to all kinds of vermin. Nor is it excelled by any Dog in the quality of courage. It will encounter even the badger with the utmost bravery, though it often receives severe wounds in the contest, which however, it bears with unshrinking fortitude." — Buffon.

“Surely there never was so popular a dog, and he, unlike his noble master, does not appear to have become spoiled by flattery and by the adulations of the wealthy. In manner he remains the same as he always was; his eyes brighten and he springs up to ‘attention’ when he hears the cry ‘Rats!’ now when he is worth four hundred pounds just as he did when he was a comparative ‘street dog’ and worth less than a five-pound note.”

— The Fox Terrier, Lee.

CHAPTER II

“Let Hercules himself do what he may
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.”

— SHAKESPEARE.

Quand on voit deux personnes constamment ensemble :
“*c'est Saint Roch et son chien.*”



ANY were ready to take a hand in training Toby. There was the scotch collie, Rob-roy McGregor, who had just left behind him puppy days. He was only a year older than Toby, but in that year he was not unjustified in feeling that he had accumulated a vast amount of knowledge of all sorts of things that a little fox terrier also might like to know. Possibly Roy realised himself that, deprived of the legitimate occupation of a collie, he had wandered, from sheer excess of animal spirits, into a domain not properly his. It is possible, too, nay, it is more than probable, that he recognised, by some sure dog instinct, that this domain belonged by

rights to Toby. In any case, from the moment he saw Toby, he adopted him as a companion on all his adventures. He took him off to the woods each day and instructed him in the secret wisdom of wood lore. He showed him all the woodchuck holes he knew and explained how annoying he had found it to be obliged to sit around and wait for the woodchuck to come out, or just get one by chance — a slow and uncertain process at best. But now, to his joy, Fate had bestowed upon him a comrade with a spirit even more eager than his own; a spirit, moreover, not encased and hampered as his was by the body of a collie. This spirit that had come to be his pal, had for its outward expression a small, white, vigorous form that could go down into the earth where the woodchuck was hiding, and there give instant battle without these tedious waits.

It is no wonder, then, that Roy hailed the advent of Toby with fervent delight. And with what persistence and enthusiasm they now worked together! Toby would go down into the hole, and, while Roy standing on its edge



ROB-ROY MCGREGOR.

gave voice to his delight and approval in loud and excited barks of encouragement, Toby, infant though he was, would slay the woodchuck and then tug its dead body out of the hole. Whereupon Roy would pounce upon it, pick it up in his mouth, and, with all the swagger of a bravo, proudly carry it home.

It was a wonderful pact they had, these two adventurous spirits — a pact that lasted with their lives. To be sure, we could not pet Toby overmuch without Roy's thrusting in a jealous head. That was not because he did not love Toby, however, but because like many a vain and handsome fellow, he fancied that by managing to stand there upon all occasions, he really occupied the true and exact centre of the stage. It would have been utterly impossible for a dog of Roy's spectacular instincts to realise that Toby, without desiring it in the least, without indeed giving it a thought, was the real hero who all unconsciously dominated each shifting scene.

Life meant "doing things" to Toby. His satisfaction ended there. He knew no one

better, whether he had done them well or ill. To Roy life meant doing things, too, but doing them with a tremendous flourish, interrupted by frequent applause.

Besides Rob-roy McGregor to take him in charge, there was Blarney, the red Irish setter, who welcomed him, too, as a friend. Although Blarney, in his heart of hearts, only cared to race across the fields in true setter fashion after birds, yet just to be sociable and companionable he, too, would join in these daily expeditions to the woods and add his voice to Roy's. And there in these woods the youngest dog of them all, instead of being taught, was already showing them what one who is born to a thing can do. Already, too, the older dogs, without being conscious of it in the least, had fallen into the position of mere satellites around this one vivid, eager personality; borrowing warmth from his warmth and enthusiasm from his enthusiasm.

Another, too, there was to interest himself mightily and persistently in shaping Toby's career — and that was James. James was but a boy in those days whose business it was to

groom the horses, run the lawn mower, work in the garden, and do errands. And it was a curious fact that, when not in the woods with Roy, wherever James was, Toby was almost sure to be there, too. Mornings, as James groomed the horses, there sitting on his haunches in the stable door could be seen a little white scrap of a dog. If his mistress called, anxious to begin her part of Toby's training, apparently he never heard her voice. He would glance up at James and then sit as if glued to the stable floor.

It did not require any deep penetration for Toby's mistress to see that another pact had been formed with Toby, and again it was a life-long pact that death only ended. This compact of eternal love and friendship between Toby and James was made up of all those unutterable things that can be only imperfectly indicated by such words as deepest understanding and sympathy. It was, in truth, one of those instantaneous recognitions that ignores all other claims.

She could say to herself, it is no wonder Toby loves to hang around James in the stable when

James lets him go into the grain bin where there are mice, and will stop doing anything in order to knock off a rat from a beam so that Toby can get it. But ruefully she had to admit that Toby was equally happy in the garden if James was there; the lawn, too, was an attractive spot to Toby if James was mowing it; and he asked no better fun in life than to go with James of a morning to Waverly on errands and to get the mail.

For that matter, whether James drove, went on his bicycle, or walked, this event, a daily one, — this going for the mail, — was a matter of momentous excitement to all the dogs. They were always on hand, leaping about him in an ecstasy of delight because he was good enough to make this enchanting excursion with and for them. There was apparently not a doubt in their minds that some especial manifestation of devotion was owing to James for this pleasure, and so each time they would pour out their gratitude and affection with the zeal and the freshness of enthusiasm that is ever flowing out from the heart of a dog. The dog knows the

secret of continual joy. He takes nothing as a matter of course.

More and more little Toby's spirit answered to the lure of the woods. And at such times as the sound of Toby's excited bark would come ringing back from the woods, accompanied by the sharp, quick bark of the collie and the deeper bark of the red Irish setter, one found that it was not always Toby who was the deserter for the sake of being with James. The eager, listening boy would drop the hoe, or rake, or whatever else he might be doing, and rush off to the woods, too, in the direction of Toby's voice. Later, returning with such a marvellous story of pluck and fearless enterprise that we would quite forget that he was with us in any other capacity than as a Boswell to our Toby. We felt, indeed, confronted by the engaging frankness of his interest, that to have insisted, however gently, that there was other work of greater importance than that of witnessing Toby's doughty deeds of valour, would have been to show ourselves inhuman to the last degree.

It did not take long for Toby's mistress to

become fully alive to the fact, moreover, that James and Roy were each of them secretly bent on defying her in her efforts to train and subdue Toby. It was perfectly obvious, indeed, that they were all conniving against her, and that these two were openly and exultingly encouraging Toby in a life of lawless, unbridled carnage. It made her weep to see what the dog was becoming under the influence of such fighting spirits as James and Roy. And her tears came, too, from the hidden smart that so far she was less than nothing to her dog.

She did not need to be told that Toby was no woman's dog. Toby told her so himself every hour of the day. Until evening came he absolutely ignored her — she did not exist. At night, however, because he was still a babe in years, although so frightfully grown up in all his tastes and appetites, he would deign to recognise her and would even make gracious claim upon her lap as a most comfortable place on which to slumber.

These were mortifying days indeed ! Still craving a comfortable and unexciting existence



ANOTHER PACT THERE WAS.

such as she had known before, her desires were being constantly frustrated by this stubborn resistance to law and order that encompassed her on all sides.

Coercion brought no satisfaction either. She might say to herself, "He is my own dog given to me for a pet and plaything." But Toby cared nothing for her petting — nor would he be a plaything. Toby was a dog with a career.

Now to be openly forsaken for another by your dog is almost as wounding to the feelings as the wanton neglect of a lover. You may curb your dog, a thing you would not attempt with a lover, to be sure. But even then your pride suffers no matter how well you are within your rights. To command another to restore to you your dog, being utterly unable to coax him from that other yourself, and then to see him crawl unwillingly in your direction, casting longing, backward glances at that other, and only coming toward you at all because that other tells him to do so, is an experience that is, indeed, death to your dear self-love.

The world was surely out of joint for Toby's

mistress. Something was radically wrong. And the crest-fallen manner of one who ordinarily felt herself largely competent, was not unnoted by her family. Nor were mirthful comments unforthcoming. To be told in relishing accents that now indeed she had her hands full was, it must be admitted, not the least of the troubles of Toby's mistress.

She would look at that little white imp of a dog as he scampered gaily away from the sound of her voice and wonder how in the world she was going to be able to cope with him and make him responsive and obedient, when the little demon would have none of her and mocked at all commands! Could she have banished James and Roy, the matter would have been simple enough. To train Toby alone would not have been so difficult. To train Toby, James, and Roy was a task. It meant cultivating and trusting to superior intelligence, if she were to hold her own. So in quiet desperation she sent off for all the books procurable on the fox terrier and how to manage him.

When these came, she gave up her ostensible

oversight of Toby for the time being, while she pored over them in the secret of her chamber, seeking for light. Carefully she read — then pondered long over all that men expect a little fox terrier to be and to know. She learned for the first time what he stands for in the world of sport and where she would be justified to control and where it would be most unjustifiable. Something had indeed been radically wrong, and the wrong had not been entirely with James or Roy or Toby.

Small wonder indeed that James and Roy had pledged themselves to defy her so long as she persisted in her efforts to enforce laws that were opposed to the laws of a fox terrier's nature.

She had been made to feel the undercurrent of their sullen resentment the time she had shut Toby up so that he might not heed the call of the woods. Roy had circled the house and barked his irritation in vain. James had hoed gloomily and steadily in the garden all that glorious afternoon. And like other ignorant persons she had plumed herself upon her firmness, her wisdom, her understanding! That

three ardent spirits were languishing and unhappy only added a certain zest to a situation which was made up, to be honest, of those homely old sayings: "what's sauce for the goose" and "turning the tables" and the "wheel goes round."

Repression of joy in others is a joy second to none if you are sure of the righteous ground you stand upon. There is an assurance of surpassing virtue in it — when you are a person of convictions. But conviction is so seldom based upon actual knowledge; and convictions have such an uncomfortable way of slipping away from you as you attain to knowledge; — and then, when you learn, for instance, that a fox terrier was created to dig in the earth, and to destroy woodchucks and all sorts of vermin such as rats and mice, instead of staying in the house to be a nice little lap dog for you, you feel that repression has been a crime, and you would like to apologise to your dog.

You utterly refuse to apologise to James or Roy, however. It would be an even thing between you and Toby, and doubtless because

he is a dog he would love you just the same even when you make mistakes. But for dark conspirators like James and Roy, who defy you, and encourage your little dog to defy you, and try to win him away from you, and make it three against one — there are no apologies !

Towards James and Roy the stern repressive spirit still burned with watchful, suspicious fire.

After the girl found out what Toby and James and Roy had known all the time — as a matter of instinct, no doubt — that Toby was made for the woods and the woods for him, she saw that she must face the fact that this warrior spirit could not rightfully be curbed, except when it directed itself lawlessly and indiscriminatingly against chickens and cats.

It took years of patient training to make Toby understand why cats were different from any other so-called vermin. If the badger and fox and rabbit and woodchuck and pole cat — alas ! three times in his life did he have an encounter with a pole cat, thoroughly loathing himself for weeks thereafter — and the chipmunk and

muskrat and raccoons and rats were all his legitimate prey, why not the cat, for whom, of all creatures that ran before him, he had a particular and especial aversion?

Chickens were tiresome creatures. He was easily persuaded to abandon chickens to some other fate. But just to look at a cat made him open his mouth and bring his teeth together with a sharp, ominous click. This, if he was under the oppressive influence of your awful eye and reminded by a warning voice that to kill a cat was taboo. But if he had given chase before you could speak — before you could command obedience — the end had come for pussy.

How could he learn to discriminate? And yet in time, as age mellowed him, and he became more understanding, he learned even that.



IF RACCOONS AND RATS WERE LEGITIMATE PREY, WHY NOT
THE CAT?

Maeterlinck in his little classic, Our Friend the Dog, muses upon all a dog has to learn in the first six months of life. "How many orders, dangers, prohibitions, problems, enigmas has one not to classify in one's overburdened memory! And how to reconcile all this with other laws, other enigmas, wider and more imperious, which one bears within one's self and within one's instinct, and which spring up and develop from one hour to the other, which come from the depths of time and the race, invade the blood, the muscles and the nerves, and suddenly assert themselves more irresistibly and more powerfully than pain, the word of the master himself, or the fear of death? . . . It is a long work to organise a happy existence upon the borderland of two such worlds as the world of beasts and the world of men."

"There is not any creature irrational more loving to his Master, nor more serviceable than a dog, enduring blows from his hands, and using no other means to pacify his displeasure than Humiliation and Prostration: and after a beating turneth a Revenge into a more fervent Love."

— Cox's *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1677.

“It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his own nature. Once he ceased hunting and became man’s plate-licker the Rubicon was crossed.” — R. L. Stevenson.

“A weel-bred dog gaes oot when he sees them preparing to kick him oot.” — Scotch proverb.

CHAPTER III

“To be a high-mannered and high-minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog.” — R. L. STEVENSON.



MAETERLINCK, speaking of his little Pelleas, a French bulldog who died when six months old, says, “Was it surprising that Pelleas often appeared pensive in the face of these numberless problems, and that his humble and gentle look was often so profound and grave, laden with cares and full of unreadable questions?”

Not so with Toby, however. As Minerva was said to have sprung forth from the head of Jupiter completely armed, so Toby seemed to have come into the world. There was such preparedness and awareness in every look and action — moreover, he was so perfectly equipped for what he had to do, and so ready, so joyously eager and ready to do it, that he would not have known how to look pensive, he had so much to do.

As for the problems of existence, for Toby there was but one. It was his fate to belong to a woman, and his business — and that became his problem, too, sometimes — to outwit her whenever and wherever he could.

Often the girl to amuse herself would watch Toby out of the corner of her eye, suspecting him of intent to deceive, knowing by his very manner what was in his mind. He had all a man's ways then, had Toby. He would be visibly longing to get away from her. She bored him. She was too slow, too stupid, too positively uninteresting, yet alas ! frequently she held him by a chain, — a real chain, not a moral one for Toby. Times without number had she had him on a leash and he never knew when she might not do it again. So it was well not to arouse her to action. It is almost necessary for even a hero to sneak sometimes when he wants a little freedom from tepid domesticity. But first he must lull all suspicions to sleep. That, too, is a matter of prime necessity. So Toby, with true masculine blindness to the beauty of opportuneness, nay, its

indispensability, if you would successfully deceive a woman, would be startlingly affectionate with this mistress of his, and then having put her in a pleasant mood, he would softly, politely, and determinedly sneak away from her.

And sometimes this mistress of his would let him believe he had fooled her—it was so intensely and humanly interesting to watch his tactics. He, who would ordinarily dash through the house and out again with the noise of a charger, now could be seen lifting one stealthy paw after another. High up in the air he lifted them, bringing them down again without a sound. Cautiously and noiselessly he would steal slowly by her, she pretending to be oblivious to all things except her book. Down the steps of the porch he would go in the same slow, stealthy fashion, accelerating his pace somewhat as he struck the silent grass. Across the lawn he would slide like a little white wraith, until he reached the road—the woods road that led to his ultimate desire. Then, flinging caution gaily to the winds, off madly he would tear to his beloved haunt, the woods.

And what a woods it was for a little fox terrier to cavort in ! A woods of hemlock and cedar trees, of oaks, maples, elms, of ash trees, black and white and red ; of azalea bushes, huckleberries, and wintergreens. Here lady's slipper and Indian pipe were found. Here, too, on the part that was swamp, underneath the thick shade of the trees — shade so thick that all summer long never a sunbeam penetrated — here acres and acres of tall ferns grew. There were old trees in these woods that had fallen down, and young saplings growing straight and slim. And dead trees there were, too, that stood upright still — bare, bleak, and desolate they stood, seeming to mock at death, and in their sapless and decaying trunks wild things made their home. Along the outer edge of the woods choke-cherry trees sprang up, and the wild grapevine was everywhere, hanging in luxuriant festoons from tree to tree. The road skirting this edge of the woods was bounded on the other side by a crooked rail fence, whose corners were filled with a tangled growth of wild raspberry and blackberry bushes. Here,

also, the elder bush pushed its sturdy way. A few scattering trees were on this side of the road, too, that seemed to be stretching out their arms yearningly to their friends across the way, until finally they met and mingled their leaves with theirs far, far above our heads.

In the spring of the year every wild flower that blows could be found in these woods. And trilliums red and white, and long-stemmed violets blue as the sky itself, nestled along the banks at the side of the road.

Then in the autumn when the cool, dark shade had lifted, the woods road was transformed. Far through the tall trees now you could look, where the sun made glancing shadows. And on each side, wherever the eye could reach, the woods road was ablaze with sumac and goldenrod and purple aster.

Did Toby feel any interest in these things, or was the only lure the woods held for him concealed in the hollows of those sombre and melancholy trees, where woodchucks, rabbits, chipmunks, raccoons, squirrels, and countless other wild things were wont to find a refuge?

One wonders ! He might have cast an appreciative eye on all that beauty as he dashed along—possibly it sank into his soul as it sank into ours, giving to him as to us sheer speechless delight.

But in those days, it must be owned, Toby gave no evidence of being anything but a bloodthirsty little villain. And because every man is a bloodthirsty savage, too, way back in the remote recess of his being, Toby for his gaminess and pluck won friends on every side. Even the male member of the family, outwardly so genial, courteous, and kind, and so tenderly considerate of all things weak, — a man to whom any savagery or brutality would be peculiarly abhorrent, you would think, — even this adored male member became unmasked before us, as we strolled up the woods road one day when he was home on a visit.

Just as we reached the entrance to the woods, we came upon the freshly killed bodies of two large woodchucks — father and mother woodchuck, we made no doubt — when a few steps farther along we saw an agonising cluster of five or six little woodchucks all dead!

Toby's mistress was ready with a thousand apologies. Toby's youth was one of them. That she hadn't finished training him was another. But when she saw a broad smile spread over the face of this kind and loving-hearted man, and a certain eager and indefinable springiness come into his step as they walked on, she desisted, and followed sorrowfully, with a heart like lead, pondering over many things.

Three times on that two-mile walk was that gory scene repeated ! Toby, like a true sport, in no way boasted of his victories, but leaped light-heartedly along, warily alert, looking this way and that for more.

"Ginger ! that's a dog !" the man exclaimed, and afterwards he and James became as one man, or rather like two boys together in their glee over Toby's prowess.

Toby's mistress, the one who owned him, was the only one who blushed for him. Her emotions, poignant as they were, however, only endured so long as she was going through the humiliating process of being reconstructed herself. The truth was, although ostensibly she

it was who was training Toby, yet all unwittingly — she confesses it reluctantly — she was being trained herself. It is surely rather severe training, if you are a woman who is opposed to killing things, to have to do with a hero born, whose every instinct is for battle. To curb her desire firmly, assiduously, and systematically to train his love for fighting out of Toby, required self-restraint, enlarged vision, and a complete shifting of ideals. Real, honest, enthusiastic admiration for a skilful killer would always be beyond her, but in time she learned to be philosophical about having a killer in the family. Having adjusted herself to this, she slid down the scale of righteousness still farther and admitted that bloodshed in a worthy cause — well, it has to be ! Much as she might pity the woodchuck, she had not the eloquence of the youthful Webster, and James, the farmer, and the dictionary itself were all for Toby. “The woodchuck or ground-hog burrows extensively and is very destructive to crops.”

It was no use imagining the consternation of the woodchucks who had lived, flourished,

marauded, and died unmolested all these hundreds of years. It was on the dial of fate. Their hour had come.

Nevertheless it is doubtful if all the knowledge she was acquiring on the ways of the fox terrier was half so illuminating as James's expressive back.

As time after time her little dog came home to her bleeding and torn after a mighty combat in the woods, came home to her to be bathed and have his wounds dressed, her resolution would spring up with new vigour to forbid the woods. It never failed that when she gave voice to this, across the distance somewhere she would get a glimpse of James's back. The very set of his shoulders was a mute but emphatic protest. Never was a healthy human scorn of ignorance, stupidity, and womanish fears combined, more eloquently expressed than by that silent back of James. It told her plainer than words that if she attempted to restrain Toby, once more she would be entering upon an unequal contest — that James would connive against her secretly

and determinedly — that he had sworn to himself that no woman, even if she did own him, should make a parlor pet of a dog like that.

All this James's back said to her. Yet only once did he so far forget himself as to express it in words. This was much later, however, in Toby's career, and the occasion was one of Toby's mightiest battles.

All this time, until she became thoroughly trained into a reasonably broadminded and tolerant human being, Toby's feelings for his mistress remained curiously mixed ones. For the matter of that, he never made the slightest secret of the fact that had he had the disposal of himself he would have belonged to James in preference to any other human being. As it was, heart and soul he was his, although reluctantly, as a matter of form only, he was obliged to give allegiance to another. There is no doubt whatever that Toby thought women a nuisance in a gay young fox terrier's life, and to be owned and controlled by a woman — unless she was the right sort — was ignominy itself. Indeed to yield obedience to a tame and un-

interesting woman, with a vile habit of nagging, moreover, and of watching every step you take, was to do violence to every instinct of his being.

Many arguments did he and that mistress of his have in those young days on the question of discipline and obedience. Upon very serious occasions they would argue it out upstairs in a room alone behind closed doors. Under the awful conjunction of closed doors and a reproving voice uttering solemn truths regarding the ethics of conduct, this gay, impertinent little rascal would become as limp as a dish rag with only just enough life in him to crawl under the bed. Then the real tussle began, to make him come out without coaxing him. And the length of time before this could be accomplished depended entirely upon how demoralised he was by shame. They never left that room in those puppy days until he had learned the lesson again that in the eyes of this undesired mistress of his obedience in a dog stood high.

Thus his respect for her grew. And when he heard the sound of the whistle that is lodged in the handle of a dog whip, if memory were still

fresh of what disobedience to that whistle usually entailed, he would come like a shot. But if he were sufficiently out of sight, though not of hearing, the odds were still on the side that his memory would be as absent as his little body would shortly be.

Truth to tell, Toby's only real use for her in those early days was when he needed someone to bind up his wounds. Then, like any warrior, he turned to a woman, and then, it must be owned, Toby liked the old-fashioned, non-militant kind — the kind that is willing to stay at home with bandages and liniment ready. The tear of sympathy, too, that falls as the wound is dressed is a tribute no hero disdains after the battle is over. And so Toby's mistress learned to know her place — to know what kind of a woman heroes need, and when she was wanted and not wanted. And to know that is to be a wise woman indeed, and by the time she had learned all this, her education as well as Toby's was nearly complete.

And thus as she grew in knowledge of the ways of dogs and men, Toby grew less resentful

over having to belong to a woman. Quite often now you would have said, could you have seen him with her, that he really loved this mistress of his. And she, instead of shrinking and protesting, began to feel curious little thrills of exultant pride over the way Toby could fight, and the stoical, uncomplaining way in which he took his punishment.

Prize description of the Fox Terrier by E. Welburn. Quoted from R. Lee's *The Fox Terrier*.

“The fox terriers are in two varieties, viz.: smooth-coated and wire-coated and with this exception they are one and the same dog. The HEAD should be long with level narrow scull, the under jaw deep, flat, and of sufficient length so that the teeth are level in the mouth; the EYES well set and of deep hazel colour with a keen determined expression; the FACE should be well filled in under the eyes, and carrying the strength fairly well to the muzzle end. EARS small V-shaped and of fair strength, set well on the head and dropping down forward with the points in a direct line to the eye; the NECK should be of a fair length, clean under the throat, gradually strengthening and gracefully set into the SHOULDERS, which should be long and well laid back finishing clean and fine on top; the CHEST narrow and brisket deep with elbows placed well under; the FORELEGS should be absolutely straight with good strong round bone carried right down to the FOOT, which should be short with well-raised toes; the BACK short with strong loin, the ribs should go well back, be deep and well sprung, the set on of stern should be rather high and gaily carried, the full strength of the tail to be carried out from the set on to the end, and not curl or come too much over the back; the HINDQUARTERS strong and muscular and free from droop, thighs long and fair breadth with stifles not too straight and hocks near the ground, the movement of the dog should be level and


straight all around and free from swing on the elbows or twirl of the hocks, the character of the dog greatly depending upon his appearance, which must be smart and sprightly, full of determination, at the same time clean in finish with a workman-like and gentlemanly appearance combined. Coat should be straight and flat, lying very close, dense and hard . . . weight should not exceed 18½ pounds; the colour most desirable being black and tan marked head with white body.”

“Symmetry, Size and Character. — The dog must present a generally gay, lively and active appearance. Bone and strength in a small compass are essentials; but this must not be taken to mean that a Fox Terrier should be cloggy or in any way coarse. Speed and endurance must be looked to as well as power, and the symmetry of the Foxhound taken as a model. The Terrier, like the hound must on no account be leggy; neither must he be too short in the leg. He should stand like a cleverly made hunter — covering a lot of ground, yet with a short back as before stated. He will thus attain the highest degree of propelling power, together with the greatest length of stride that is compatible with the length of his body. Weight is not a certain criterion of a Terrier’s fitness for his work. General shape, size and contour are the main points; and if a dog can gallop and stay, and follow his fox, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so, though roughly speaking, it may be said he should not scale over 20 lb. in show condition.”

— The Fox Terrier, Hugh Dalziel.

CHAPTER IV

“Men like dogs have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are the children of convention.” — R. L. STEVENSON.

OBY'S mistress, as her dog grew up, used to pore over prize descriptions of fox terriers and compare her Toby point by point. And it is very interesting reading, if you happen to own a fox terrier whom you think probably the most perfect thing in the way of a fox terrier that the world has ever seen.

The more she read about the fox terriers in general, the more deeply satisfied she became with her own. He not only had character and temperament, this dog of hers, but beauty unsurpassed !

Then, as luck would have it, her eyes fell upon this : —

“The nose, towards which the muzzle must slightly taper, should be black.”

Hastily she consulted another authority : —

“The jaw should be muscular, and not too fine ; and, *of course, the nose should be black.*”

She could only swell now with a mournful trying-to-cover-up-things sort of pride when she read that “the carriage of a good Terrier should be gay and lively, and the expression of the face intelligent and good tempered,” or that he should have a “keen determined look, high-bred poise, and proudly carried stern.”

Alas for Toby's mistress ! Toby's nose had an afflicting pink streak across it. She could make his manners all that they should be, and a dog is moral or immoral as he obeys or disobeys. In shape, size, action, courage, temper, and growing affection he was perfect. But what bootied every virtue known to dog — what was it to have “high-bred poise and a proudly carried stern” when you have an ugly pink strip across your nose !

Toby's mistress found in another chapter that “a flesh-coloured nose being held objectionable,” some people had resorted to “faking.” A very reprehensible practice the book said ; in fact it

condemned the whole system of faking as utterly contemptible.

Nevertheless, she had fully determined to “fake” Toby’s nose, — it was not so much worse than for a woman to paint her cheeks, and all done in the cause of beauty, — when Toby saved her that trouble. First one little black speck and then another appeared on the surface of that objectionable pink streak. And these little black specks grew and grew and spread and spread until they met each other; and in due course of time Toby had a perfectly beautiful and absolutely correct black nose.

And when that happened, life was utterly joyful for Toby and his mistress.

“*The Terrier . . . has rapidity of attack, managed with art and sustained with spirit; it is not what he will bear, but what he will inflict. His action protects himself, and his bite carries death to his opponent; he dashes into the hole of the fox, drives him from its recesses, or tears him to pieces in his stronghold; and he forces the reluctant, stubborn badger into light. As his courage is great, so is his genius extensive; he will trace with the Foxhounds, hunt with the Beagle, find for the Greyhound, or beat with the Spaniel. Of wild-cats, martens, pole cats, weasels and rats, he is the vigilant and determined enemy; he drives the otter from the rocky clefts on the banks of rivers, nor declines the combat in a new element.*” —Sydenham Edwards. Quoted from Hugh Dalziel’s *The Fox Terrier*.

“*At the annual festival of Diana, which was celebrated all over Italy on the thirteenth of August, hunting dogs were crowned and wild beasts were not molested. . . . Some light is thrown on the meaning of these customs by a passage in Arrian’s treatise on hunting. He tells us that a good hound is a boon conferred by one of the gods upon the huntsman, who ought to testify his gratitude by sacrificing to the Huntress Artemis. Further, Arrian goes on to say: ‘It is right that after a successful chase a man should sacrifice and dedicate the first fruits of his bag to the goddess, in order to purify both the hounds and the hunters, in accordance with old custom and usage.’ He tells us that the Celts were wont to form a treasury for the goddess Artemis, into which they paid a fine of two obols for every hare they killed, a drachm for every fox,*

and four drachms for every roe. Once a year, on the birthday of Artemis, they opened the treasury, and with the accumulated fines, purchased a sacrificial victim, it might be a sheep, a goat, or a calf. Having slain the animal and offered her share to the Huntress Artemis, they feasted, both men and dogs; and they crowned the dogs on that day 'in order to signify,' says Arrian, 'that the festival was for their benefit.' . . . The custom described by Arrian is good evidence of the belief that the wild beasts belong to the goddess of the wilds, who must be compensated for their destruction; and, taken with what he says of the need of purifying the hounds after a successful chase, the Celtic practice of crowning them at the annual festival of Artemis may have been meant to purge them of the stain they had contracted by killing the creatures of the goddess. The same explanation would naturally apply to the same custom observed by the Italians at the festival of Diana . . . and for the same reason which the South Slavonian peasant assigns for crowning the horns of his cows with wreaths of flowers on St. George's Day, the twenty-third of April. He does it in order to guard the cattle against witchcraft. . . . Now when we observe that garlands of flowers, like hawthorn and other green boughs, avail to ward off the unseen powers of mischief, we may conjecture that the practice of crowning dogs at the festival of a huntress goddess was intended to preserve the hounds from the angry and dangerous spirits of the wild beasts which they had killed in the course of the year." — Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.

"One dog can drive a flock of sheep." — Proverb.

CHAPTER V

“*Silvis aspera, blanda dormi* — Fierce in the woods, gentle in the home.” — MARTIAL.



THE farmer, James, Roy, Toby, Blarney, everyone was happy in those exhilarating days. The woods rang with Roy's and Toby's bark from the first spring days until late autumn, when the snow settled down over everything and drove all life to cover.

Toby would return from these expeditions with “proudly carried stern” and bark a joyful demand for admission. He was never known to ask, to beg, to cry, nor to whine. No, whatever Toby wanted he demanded sharply and imperatively, with enthusiasm, persistence, and unparalleled good nature. His mistress found out while he was still a puppy that Toby's frequent success in getting the best of her, outwitting her, in short, lay in his vigorous and indomitable capacity for concentration.

Nothing could divert nor entice him from the thing in hand. No amount of persuasion could lead or drive his thoughts into any other channel. Whereas without persuasion, hers had a habit of flying far away from the thing Toby wanted and should not have, to something way beyond.

Now he would return after the day's sport was over, demand his dinner, — unless it was forthcoming at once, — submit with uncomplaining fortitude to antiseptic baths and the dressing of sundry wounds, digs, scratches, bites, and claws with which head and body might be liberally covered — probably were covered, if he had had a gay and happy day — and after that he was quite willing to be a loving little pet dog until bedtime.

But alas, for the days — they were not many — when he came home without a scratch! No lively, confident demand for admission was heard those days. A moping, dejected, little white dog would late in the day be discovered by someone, sitting disconsolately outside with his back against the rear of the house,

looking off into space. Dinner did not interest him. You did not interest him. Nothing interested him. He had tasted defeat. He felt all the unworthiness of a whole skin under certain circumstances, and a satiny smooth white coat.

You might pet him and say soothing words, but there was no consolation to be derived from that. What was your empty praise, when he knew how some wretched creature of the woods had escaped him — had made a fool of him that day. Perchance had lured him on into a hole too small for him, and while he was digging his way, the wily, taunting little beast — something other and more subtle than the woodchuck — had gone into a subterranean passage that Toby had finally discovered, after wild and violent digging in which he had left mounds of dirt behind ; and at the very end of this passage he had seen, not the animal he was eagerly seeking — but a chink of daylight ! No wonder he sat outside in rueful contemplation of an episode so wholly humiliating. Were it not that tears are unheroic, he could have wept for shame.

The next morning after one of these trying,

harrowing, sickening, disgusting fiascos of a day, you could count on it, Toby would be off without waiting to bid you good morning. He would have tipped the wink to Rob-roy McGregor and Blarney, and bright and early, if you were looking, you would see the three dogs strike into the woods' road. The Three Musketeers were now in hot pursuit.

Well did Toby know this little animal. He knew him by look, by scent, by size; by the stripe down his back, and by his long, sharp claws. No misguiding subterranean passageway would save him this day. Not when he had sentinels to stand guard and watch, like Roy and Blarney.

Here and there they plunged and scampered, Toby in the lead. Back and forth they went, Toby losing the scent, now finding it again. They would pass by woodchucks without a glance, leaving the woodchucks fairly dazed over their miraculous escape. On they went, until with a sudden, wild spring Toby had leaped upon his prey ! Before this tantalising foe could get into his hole, he had him ! And that he had



THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

eluded and hoodwinked him so craftily yesterday but lent additional fury to the attack to-day. This was a mighty and determined struggle, to which Roy and Blarney lent the help of their fierce and encouraging barks. And after it was over, Toby had left a vain and presumptuous enemy lying stiff and stark weltering in his own blood, and would come bounding home, bleeding and happy, with tail straight up in the air. Joyously he would demand admission. Indeed, he could hardly wait for you to get to the door so vociferous was he — and so hungry for his dinner.

One hot summer day, when Toby was three years old, James, with his ear ever alert for sounds from the woods that might indicate an interesting scrimmage going on, heard that note in Toby's bark that told him something far more exciting than dealing death to potato bugs was going on.

There was a short cut he knew well that went from the garden down through the orchard to the woods. It involved a few fences to climb, which he took with long-limbed, muscular

ease. An ease acquired from much practice in the last three years, for this short cut was now worn to a path that led from the garden wall down through the orchard as straight as an eager, fun-loving, Toby-loving boy could go. Straight as a die it ran down the orchard hill to the woods. Such a path might have been somewhat betraying to a curious and speculative mind. A mind able, for instance, to gauge how many potato bugs ought to be picked off a potato vine in a given length of time, by a boy of average industry. But the path was not near so betraying, in James's opinion, as an open following of the woods road would have been. Besides, a wise lad is deeply prudent. One cannot hazard too openly even though no speculative minds are about. To arouse curiosity or surmise is very unwise. To slip quickly down that secluded, unsuspected path and avoid disconcerting questions that might lead to interference, or at least to an annoying loss of time, was to be discreet. James, indeed, was a pleasant lad who liked to live in a pleasant atmosphere. He liked to encourage people's

trust in him. So for this reason, no doubt, he invariably leaped the garden wall in preference to taking boldly to the woods road.

And so this day at the sound of Toby's bark he ran down the path from the garden across the orchard, swung over the fence at the other end, and plunged into the woods. He hurried along, trampling on ferns and snapping twigs, on over the fallen trunks of trees, through the underbrush, through pools of water, and past hurrying, skurrying things that fled as they heard him coming. A snake glided by, almost touching his foot, but he never heeded. An oriole sang close by—he did not hear it. The air was full of the sound of woodsey things—he never noticed. Faster and faster he ran, guided by Toby's voice and impelled to greater and greater speed by something in it that was fierce, desperate, and urgent.

As he drew nearer, he heard, as if coming from the bowels of the earth, the rumble of continuous growls—growls that were cumulative, ending in a piercing bark that was now a bark of rage and again a bark of furious triumph.

Breathlessly he reached the spot — a deep hole at the foot of a white ash tree — and still the sounds of a mighty battle continued, making the heart of a fight-loving boy leap fiercely responsive for joy. Just then the rear of a little white body protruded, tugging viciously at something larger by far than himself. The heat was intense, and as they came out of the hole gasping for breath, each paused for a whiff of that outer air, and then the battle was renewed again with fresh fury.

It was a fight to the death this time. Neither combatant would quit until he had killed or been killed by the other. In opposition to Toby's inveterate instinct for extermination, was the accumulated hatred of these wild things of the woods toward this persistent, relentless white creature that had terrorised and put them to death for three years. It was an even thing now which one would kill the other — so even that James, in a frenzy of anxiety for the life of his little favourite, seized a piece of wood and clubbed the raccoon over the head, stunning him so that he released his hold of Toby and lay as if dead.

Knowing that with such a history to relate, not one of us would introduce a subject so banal and trivial as potato bugs, James picked up the 'coon by the tail and returned by the woods road this time to the house. As he came along Toby was leaping, growling, and snapping in unappeased fury at the 'coon, who began to show signs of life. And James had to stun the 'coon once more and discipline Toby as well, to prevent another fight then and there.

Now when James asked for Toby's mistress, wishing to show her triumphantly what her little dog was capable of in the way of a fight; ready to break loose for once into wild and vainglorious boasting of Toby's courage; ready to extol, to praise, to go into each detail; having the raccoon in hand to show her, moreover, and thus give the fine and undeniable point to the story, — there were the gaping wounds upon the body of the 'coon to exhibit to her as final proof, and these wounds were so deep and so many that but for his spirit and the bitterness of his hatred the 'coon was near done to death, — with such a story, the most dra-

matic of Toby's young life, to James's intense chagrin, this mistress of Toby's, with all the inconsequence of a woman, dammed up his eloquence by refusing to listen, and would not even look at the raccoon, although he pleaded with her to do so. This mistress of Toby's, as a matter of fact, could see nothing but Toby's clawed, bitten, and wounded body, and in her distress she forgot all her training and burst into womanish tears.

"I won't have him encouraged to fight like this," she stormed, picking up what looked like the tattered remnants of a dog, and beginning her heart-rending task of reconstruction.

In vain James beseeched her again to look at the wounds on the 'coon. These were infinitely more numerous and far worse than Toby's, he assured her gloatingly.

You could see he was wishing he had not interfered. The story would have been just that much longer and more full of ultimate glory for Toby, had he refrained. There wasn't a doubt about it. Toby would have finished the 'coon, sure. But what was the use of talking about

it with a lot of women who did not seem to know enough to appreciate the story, anyway?

It was then in his disappointment that James so far forgot himself as to put into words all that his back had so often and so eloquently implied. There was a sombre glare in his eye and a contempt in his voice for Toby's mistress that he made not the slightest effort to conceal.

Flinging all respect to the winds, James spoke as if to the world at large. "Anyone ought to be ashamed to make such a fuss. Anyone ought to be proud to own a little dog like Toby. *I believe he would fight a bear!*"

Toby's mistress, realising only too well the personal rebuke that lay hidden under the impersonal *anyone*, meekly resumed her task of bathing and dressing the hero's wounds.

After she had carefully sponged off the blood and grime with which he was literally covered, and found to her relief that Toby still had two eyes unimpaired, that the slits in his ears would probably grow together, that no teeth were gone, nor apparently any bones broken in any one of his four legs — that his wounds,

in short, deep and ghastly as they were, were flesh wounds, that from long familiarity and practice, she felt herself perfectly competent to care for without the aid of a veterinary, Toby's mistress became calmer.

She even listened to James's story, which he was forgivingly eager to re-tell, with all a woman's strange mixture of pride and horror which is so inexplicable to man.

James, neglecting nothing that would rebound to the credit of his tale, had weighed the 'coon while he was still stunned, and now he weighed Toby; reporting with a mighty air of satisfaction that the raccoon weighed twenty-two pounds and Toby weighed but nineteen.

The wild, fierce, shy raccoon with his bright, untamed eyes recovered under James's care, and James kept him for several weeks, hoping to tame him and make a pet of him. He kept him in the stable in a large wooden box with a strong wire netting over the top. And here James held court, graciously giving audience to a stream of boy visitors, who, having heard the story of Toby's fight with the 'coon, wished to see the 'coon.



THE RACCOON CROUCHING ON A LIMB FAR OUT OF REACH.

These were glorious days for James, but they couldn't last. The presence of the 'coon was too disastrous upon Toby. In truth, as long as the 'coon was there and still alive Toby found it utterly impossible to have a happy moment. He never took to the woods road now. He never knew what it was to feel triumphantly gay. And his temperament, formerly so full of *la joie de vivre* that *à la mort* to all his foes was merely a joyous incident, now became sullen and morose.

For hours at a time Toby would lurk around that box in the stable, watching his chance to leap up on to the perilous wire netting. Once there, clutching and balancing uncertainly, he would look down at his foe in his safe retreat, and then in a perfect frenzy, accentuated by the fact that he could not stay there, he would jump down, and lifting his head, give vent to his exasperation in a prolonged and agonising howl of helpless rage. The only thing that dragged him away from the box was when James, who had managed to fasten a long chain around one of the 'coon's legs, would let the 'coon have a little freedom chained to a tree.

Then Toby would spend his day under the tree, running back and forth and gazing up with redoubled fury at the raccoon crouching on a limb above his head, far, far out of reach. Pantingly he would leap up on James's shoulder for a closer view. He would run back and make flying leaps at the tree in his efforts to climb it, sticking with grim determination to the trunk a few feet from the ground until the weight of his body would be too much for mere grit and pull him down.

As usual, Roy and Blarney were there, too, to give voice to their excited interest. But the misery at the sight of an unconquered foe was all Toby's. From morning till night Toby brooded over the fact that that 'coon was still alive. He made it plain to everyone that his woe would endure with his life, unquenchable and unappeasable. Worse than anything else, however, and he made this fact clear as well, was the flaunting the 'coon in his face as a pet and something to cherish. This was an insult that he would resent with the last drop of blood in his body — just give him a chance.

Toby became a misanthrope, of paranoiactal tendencies. He had but one thought, and that



TRYING TO CLIMB A TREE TO GET THE 'COON.

of how he could get at the 'coon. He ceased to lavish any affection upon James. In fact he had none for anyone. And he made James as unhappy as himself. He made him feel that he had been unsportsmanlike in the beginning when he had interfered, and that now he was rubbing it in — rubbing it in intolerably in a way no true sport would stand.

He wore on us all to such an extent by his state of unalterable, savage dejection, that finally James gave the 'coon away.

The next morning Toby smelled around the 'coon's box as usual, and not finding him rushed wildly around under the trees, sniffing the air. There was no 'coon there! Not a sight nor a trace nor a smell of him. He leaped back to the stable again, and after another excited sniff at the box, he looked up at James, sprang into his arms, licked his face with a warm and loving red tongue, forgave him everything, and tore off to find his partners. Having told them the story in some quick dog way, off they all went like a streak, Toby, Blarney and Roy, up the woods road, Toby leading, for a merry, old-time hunt.

“ Hunting is a Game and Recreation commendable not onely for Kings, Princes, and the Nobility, but likewise for private Gentlemen; And as it is a Noble and Healthy Pastime so it is a thing which has been highly prized in all Ages.

“ Besides, Hunting trains up Youth to the use of manly exercises in their riper Age, being encouraged thereto by the pleasure they take in hunting the Stately Stag, the Generous Buck, the Wilde Boar, the Cunning Otter, the Crafty Fox and the Fearful Hare; also the catching of vermin by Engines, as the Fitchet, the Fulimart, the Ferret, the Polecat, the Moldwarp and the like. Exercise herein preserveth Health and increaseth Strength and Activity. Others inflame the hot spirits of young men with wrong Ambition, love of War and seeds of Anger; But the exercise of Hunting neither remits the Minde to Sloth nor Softness, nor (if it be used with moderation) hardens it to inhumanity, but rather, inclines men to good Acquaintance and generous Society. It is no small advantage to be enured to bear Hunger, Thirst and Weariness from one’s Childhood; to take up a timely habit of quitting one’s Bed early, and loving to sit well and safe upon an Horse. What innocent and natural delights are they, when he seeth the day breaking forth those Blushes and Roses which Poets and Writers of Romances onely paint, but the Huntsman truely courts? When he heareth the chirping of small birds pearching upon their dewy Boughs?

When he draws in the fragancy and coolness of the Air? How jolly is his Spirit, when he suffers it to be imported with the noise of the Bugle-Horns, and the baying of Hounds, which leap up and play round about him!


“Then it is admirable to observe the natural instinct of Enmity and Cunning, whereby one Beast being as it were confederate with man, by whom he is maintained, serves him in his designs upon others. . . . Moreover is it not delightful and pleasant to observe the Docibleness of Dogs, which is as admirable as their Understanding? For as a right Huntsman knows the Language of his Hounds, so they know his, and the meaning of their own kinde, as perfectly as we can distinguish the voices of our friends and acquaintances from such as are strangers.

“Again, how satisfied is a curious Minde nay exceedingly delighted, to see the Game fly before him! and after that it hath withdrawn itself from his sight, to see the whole Line where it hath passed over, with all the doublings and cross works which the amazed and affrighted Beast hath made, recovered again; and all that Maze wrought out by the intelligence which he holds with Dogs! this is most pleasant and as it were a Master-piece of Magic.” — Cox’s Gentleman’s Recreation, 1677.

“One barking dog sets all the street a-barking.”
— Proverb.

CHAPTER VI

“Soon as Aurora drives away the night
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman with the cheerful horn
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.”
— GAY.

T may be conceived that the merriest hunts of all for the dogs were in the autumn when the trees in the woods were ablaze with crimson and golden glory, and the real hunting season for dogs and men began. The man of the family came with his gun, and he and other men with guns and dogs would tramp all day long through the woods, shooting pheasants, quail, and partridges.

Upon these occasions, Blarney, the red Irish setter, became the leader of the valiant trio, dominating them naturally and unconsciously, by right of inherited instinct and training. Quite naturally, too, apparently, Toby yielded

his cheerful assent to Blarney's superiority in this kind of work, and fell into the rank of an able, loyal assistant.

There is no doubt whatever that Toby found this sort of hunting intensely interesting, too. The men, the dogs, the very sound of the guns going off, made it a *festa* for a hard working little fox terrier, who usually hunted burrowing down under the ground. This sort of hunting was gay, sociable, and exhilarating. In truth, it was play-time hunting for Toby and he enjoyed himself amazingly.

It must be owned, however, that on these days of guns and men, the trio were but twain. Rob-roy McGregor, of spectacular courage, effrontery, and audacity, — the brilliant, dashing, fearless Roy, would be lying perdu in the darkest corner of the house, hidden away from the eyes of men — he tremblingly hoped so, at least. There he would lie all day in quaking, panting misery.

The sight of a gun made him run. The smell of gunpowder made him sick. Fourth of July was a day of accentuated, reverberating horror.

And as for thunderstorms — they were indeed the vengeance of the Almighty from whose awful wrath there is no escape. If he sought it in the cellar, it was not there. And if he bolted into a closet, it roared at him there. It was more consoling to be near some human being in a thunderstorm, and never on any account to permit one's self to be left in a room alone.

Someone, to illustrate the intelligence of the collie, tells of one who was possessed with the desire to take his naps on a bed in a certain room. Each time his master caught him on the bed, he would punish him. So effectual was this, that the collie could often be found in that room, to be sure, but sleeping innocently in some corner on the floor. Suspecting him, his master put his hand on the bed one day, and finding it warm, he punished the collie again. The following day, missing the dog, he tiptoed up the stairs to the same room, and entering stealthily, he found the collie standing with his fore-paws on the bed *blowing on the spot where he had been lying, to cool it off.*

The veracity of this story might seem questionable to some, but no one who has owned a collie could doubt its truthfulness for a moment.

When not subdued by mysterious sounds that he could not understand, Rob-roy McGregor was full of collie mischief and impetuosity and took insolent delight in plunging out on the highway, and barking furiously at all passers-by. His was the bold master mind on this exploit, Toby and Blarney falling gleefully in line. *L'un pour tous, tous pour l'un.*

Roy was rampantly unmanageable and disobedient, and so likewise were the others when he was the leader in charge. At these times neither commands nor fear of after punishment could prevent them from taking this dear delight. All barked — all plunged out at the passing foe. He might be, and often was, indeed, your next door neighbour, with whom you must live in peace. That he hated your dogs they knew as well as you did, and they never missed an opportunity to protest to him loudly and aggressively that the dislike was mutual.

There are complications in life's relationships for which dogs that bark and chickens that stray are largely responsible. And when you have an ungovernable and volcanic collie in your possession from whom you cannot command obedience by the strength of your lungs, it behooves you to resort to subtlety and guile. All your fine discipline over your own dog vanishes, too, when Roy is in the lead. So more necessary than ever it becomes that you should set your wits to work for ways in which to reduce this turbulent, boisterous, obstreperous beast to a state of passable subjection, so that he, and you, too, may live a little longer in a world that is the pleasantest world you know.

You are not unaware of your neighbour's state of mind, you are keenly alive, too, to the fact that matters are reaching a crisis, and that it is of the utmost importance that your dogs should learn the polite and necessary art of dissimulation. But to conceal his likes and dislikes is a thing no dog can do.

As you are pondering over the unpleasant situations that can be brought about by those

who are overzealous for truth, a maxim of Lord Chesterfield's comes to mind : —

“Seek for their particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness, and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them.”

Your mind swoops down on the phrase “prevailing weakness.” Undoubtedly Lord Chesterfield intended his maxim to apply to men, but why not with equal force to a dog?

To sit all day on your porch with revolver in hand seems the way out. To be sure, there is a violence in the idea that offends your taste, which is all for quiet, peaceful contemplation. And your neighbour, too. What would your neighbour think? Might he not find it inconveniently startling as well as pointedly unfriendly to hear the crack of a revolver each time he went by? As for confessing to him the reason why — that you are doing it solely to preserve your harmonious relations with him — you would die first! So with a mingling of reluctance and relief you dismiss the revolver idea and try to think of some less betraying way of playing upon Roy's “prevailing weakness.”

Suddenly an idea comes to you ! The next day your neighbour is passing by, and Roy, with Toby and Blarney in full cry, makes one of his swaggering, dare-devil dashes, surcharged to the brim with the essence of intimidation and looking for all the world the picture of imperial, rooseveltian courage. You are sitting on the porch with a box of torpedoes, purchased for the occasion, conveniently near at hand. As Roy starts down the driveway, you throw one on the floor with a bang.

Before you can speak — much less laugh — you see a craven, cringing coward of a dog, tail between legs, panting at the kitchen door, the short cut to the cellar. And this trembling, quaking wretch is Roy — our bold, marauding, fighting buccaneer of only a moment before ! At this, you applaud yourself, instead of giving the credit first, to Lord Chesterfield, where it properly belongs, and secondly, to your parents for having brought you up on his Letters and Maxims, pleasantly mixed with the Bible, Shakespeare, and Æsop's Fables. You say all sorts of nice things to yourself. One can say

things of this sort to one's self, but beware of your own generous spirit which begs you to share this joy with another. Remember, no friend in the world, however fond, can reach the measure of your own self-esteem. If you wish to be loved for yourself alone, you must keep yourself to yourself.

You commune with yourself then joyfully. Your mind ranges vaingloriously, seeking other channels of conquest, other and higher ways of applying Lord Chesterfield's wisdom. You might conquer anyone. "Search out his ruling passion" or "prevailing weakness" — then explode the right kind of a torpedo — it is simplicity itself!

But for a Scotch collie the real torpedo put up in sawdust is the thing.

It is not to be wondered at that Rob-roy McGregor hated them. He hated them with the savage, impotent hatred that the human bully feels for the truth. He hated more than all else, however, the taunting ridicule of those whom he had heretofore bullied and who now controlled him through his fears. He loathed the very sight of himself, too, with the conceit

gone out of him. When uninflated by swelling, pompous pride, he was not nearly so handsome a dog — and he knew it. So he set his collie intelligence to work. He reasoned that if he could get rid of the torpedoes he would be as big, important, and handsome as ever.

One day, to his joy, he saw on the deserted porch the box of torpedoes lying within easy reach on a chair. Craftily he bided his time. Like a conspirator he hung around till everyone — at least he thought everyone — had gone for a walk. He knew not that the one who had brought him to this state of unwilling subjection had happened to remain behind, and was watching him curiously through the screen door. This one saw him cautiously approach the chair, take the box gingerly in his mouth, carry it to the side of the road where he dropped it behind some bushes, while he dug a hole in the ground. Then carefully he dropped the box of torpedoes in the hole and buried it out of sight.

Just then our neighbour from the farm above came along. With the pent-up animosity of weeks, Roy dashed around him, giving loud

tongue to his detestation. He would be a gentleman of a dog no longer, he assured him. He would be what he was — a dog, and tell the truth.

Bang on the tiled floor of the porch went a torpedo ! and there stood the arch-conspirator of all laughing at him, as with tail between legs, poor Roy fled away to the cellar.

That there was an unlimited supply of torpedoes in the world was more than Roy's collie intelligence could understand. And time and time again he would be caught carrying off a box to bury it, believing each time, we may be sure, that at last he had rid the world of this dangerous and explosive thing. But there was no such luck for Roy. Besides the ever present torpedo, Fourth of July came regularly once a year, the hunting season came every autumn, and thunderstorms with alarming frequency during the summer months. So that life for Roy was full of lurking dangers that darted out upon him unawares. He was the living exponent that if you have a "prevailing weakness," it will be played upon, not only by those who have discernment, but by countless unseen forces as well.

“Le chien a huit caractères. Celui d’un prêtre, d’un guerrier, d’un agriculteur, d’un serviteur (?) d’un voleur, d’un animal de proie, d’une courtisane, d’un enfant.

“Il se nourrit comme un prêtre; il est content comme un prêtre; il est patient comme un prêtre, il lui suffit d’une faible nourriture comme un prêtre; tel est son caractère de prêtre. Il va en avant comme un guerrier; [il va] devant et derrière le logis comme un guerrier; tel est son caractère de guerrier. Comme l’agriculteur il est vigilant et n’a pas un sommeil complet; [il va] devant et derrière le logis comme un agriculteur; tel est son caractère d’agriculteur. . . . Il desire l’obscurité comme un voleur; il . . . la nuit comme un voleur . . . tel est son caractère de voleur. Il aime l’obscurité comme un animal de proie; il . . . la nuit comme un animal de proie . . . tel est son caractère d’animal de proie. Il est amical comme une courtisane . . . tel est son caractère de courtisane.

Il esi dormeur comme un enfant; il est caressant comme un enfant, il a la langue longue comme un enfant, tel est son caractère d'enfant."

— *L'Éloge du Chien dans le Saint Livre du Venedidad.* Trans. by Avel Hovelacque.

“The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that one can speak and the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect. It hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic. . . .

“The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, suspicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth.”

— *The Character of the Dog*, R. L. Stevenson.

“An old dog does not bark for nothing.” — Proverb.

CHAPTER VII

“Animals are such agreeable friends — they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.” — GEORGE ELIOT.



AFTER the torpedo cure for Roy, it seemed as if nothing more could be asked for — we had such well-trained, well-behaved, and loving dogs. Their days were days of purest joy here on the big farm. Theirs was the free, outdoor, normal life which is a dog's true life, supplemented by the love of man, which is the very breath of life to him.

To be sure, Toby's mistress might be upstairs engaged in any one of the numberless things that occupy the time of a woman of domestic tastes, when she would hear the not unexpected summons to come below and view the last harrowing state of her little dog. By this time she had become so accustomed to treating wounds of all sorts and kinds, and Toby had grown to lean so confidently upon her skill,

that this was all in the day's happenings. A grimy, dirty, bleeding little warrior at the door at noontime or late in the afternoon, to be transformed a little later by his mistress's loving care into an exquisite little gentleman with a clean, shining, white coat. This could always be reckoned upon as a part of the day's work. This done, battles, scars, and wounds were matters of no concern to Toby, for bedtime is approaching and he wishes to remind you with all the blandishing ways of a dog that it is your custom — you may forget, but he never — ever since puppy days to give him at least three crackers before he goes to sleep. And sometimes, he tells you insistently, you have been known to give as many as five!

For a cracker he will go through every trick known to dogdom with the rapturous certainty that no heart in the household can resist him. Then still in the hope of two more than the customary allotment — possibly three more this time, who knows? — he will look at you with bright-eyed expectancy for a moment, while he gauges your mood and your susceptibility.

If your mind is foregathering on matters that pertain solely to human kind, he retreats sadly. But if he gets your attention and sees a certain indulgent, appreciative twinkle in your eye — a look that only a dog can bring forth — he will start in dashingly again, telling you with all a dog's enthusiasm that this time he means to surpass himself — this time six crackers or none is the stake.

Could Boswell's Dr. Johnson have seen Toby stand, walk, whirl, and dance upon his hind legs for a cracker, he could not in justice have likened a woman's preaching to a dog's walking on his hind legs: "It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." Toby's finished performance must have won even Dr. Johnson's heart, although one fancies without really knowing it, that dogs were not a weakness of Dr. Johnson's.

It was a cracker — by no means a biscuit — that appealed to Toby. His taste was all for the large, round, milk cracker that is put up in barrels and sold by the pound in the corner grocery stores and general stores, that flourish

in small towns all over these United States. It is a purely American product, this cracker — as American as pork and beans and pumpkin pie. And when a new barrel is opened and the crackers crisp and snappy, it is not to be wondered at that Toby should find them so greatly to his liking. No “biscuit,” however fashionable, could take a cracker’s place with him, and anything made by the National Biscuit Co. this little dog of inflexible tastes would sniff at with disdain. In truth, when he had been misled into standing on two legs for one of the aforesaid biscuit, he would make you feel, as he dropped it with cold disapproval, that he had asked for bread and you had indeed given him a stone.

How our dogs treated the dog of a friend is a horrid story. One likes not to defile these pages writ in praise of dogs by recounting their weaknesses, their jealousies, their inhospitalities. One would like, indeed, to believe a dog above all human frailties. But if he were, he would not be so willing to abandon his own kind for anything so far beneath him as man.



BLARNEY, TOBY, AND ROB-ROY MCGREGOR.

Anyone who has supervised the bringing up of a fox terrier pup, is surely not unwarranted in feeling himself competent to cope with any manifestation of dogdom. In like spirit Toby's mistress, without boastfulness, felt herself capable in all ways, surgical and educational, even to that of wrestling with the agile and elusive flea. So when she offered to take care of a friend's dog who was going to Europe for the summer, she did it with a large manner of calm assurance that follows successful accomplishment in any line. She pictured to her friend the delight her poor little city dog would feel when he struck these Elysian Fields, where he could roam at will with happy, welcoming friends of his own kind to greet him and show him about. Thus had Roy greeted Blarney, and thus, too, had Roy and Blarney received Toby with joyous acclaim. Toby's mistress said nothing about fleas to her friend, but, having an experienced eye, after a glance at Trix, her fancy dwelt also upon the healthy, flealess condition in which she would return the dog to her friend when autumn came.

Toby's mistress, one might as well admit it, like many another ignorant person felt herself inspired by a Great Call to do good unto others. From the time of her magnanimous offer until the arrival of Trix she had her little moment of benign self-appreciation over a worthy action to be done. The real missionary spirit was welling up, even if the object was only a heathen of a dog. With a bland consciousness of worthy thought and action, and full of confidence in herself, she went down the hill to the station to meet the train that was to bring Trix. The station master helped her to take him out of the box, she fastened the leash to his collar, and started back to the house.

Trix was a black cocker spaniel of uncertain age, or as the French would say of *un certain age*, which means that he had passed the age when it would be discreet to ask any questions. Trix trotted gently along by her side, and as they got within approach of the house, Rob-roy McGregor came down the driveway to meet them. He eyed the small dog at her side, pricking up his ears in a suspicious way. He sniffed at him

this side and that, quite undeterred by the command to keep his distance. Warned by a gleam in his eye that was anything but a gleam of welcome, Toby's mistress tried to waive him off and take Trix in her arms, but Trix, wise dog, was trying to run away, and before she could reach him, Roy had pitched on him, wounding him body and soul.

Clearly this was not an auspicious beginning for poor little Trix. Help came running from the house at the sound of the fracas. Roy was punished as he deserved, and Trix's wounds were bathed, and every effort was made to soothe his feelings, but nothing availed. Trix was old and wise and knew dogs much better than we did. The experiences of a long life had left him without the slightest confidence in the good-will of his own kind. And, to make matters worse, as if it were not enough to have been shaken like a rat by one monster, he needs must find two more at the house lurking about to devour him. They were of varying size, to be sure, but all of one hostile mind.

Trix knew that Toby's mistress had but

shown her own zealous and mistaken ignorance when she imagined that she had found the Key of Happiness for him. Not for a moment was it well for him to tarry in these much vaunted Elysian Fields. "Not dogs, but men, or better yet women for me," sighed Trixie, and being a dog of character with quick perceptions, balanced by quiet determination, the moment opportunity offered he slipped out, as noiselessly as a little black shadow, as someone was entering through the screen door, and made off whence he came.

The entire household gave chase, and you would not have believed that a cocker spaniel no longer young could have run so fast. Heedless of our calls of anguish, this little black mite loped steadily on. Hearing our frantic cries, a farmer on a load of hay leaped off and he, too, gave chase. But just as he got up to him, Trixie swerved from his encircling arms and started down the railroad track headed due east, the direction from which he had come. James followed him down the railroad track for two miles, running full speed, until he could run no

longer, and still he could not overtake this fleeing guest of a dog, and finally he lost sight of him altogether.

For a short time in her life Toby's mistress had known the feeling of absolute *bien-être*. She had felt herself perched upon the topmost pinnacle of unselfish joy. The love a man feels for his mistress cannot be compared to the love he feels for himself in those exalted moments when he contemplates himself as showing to others the great Light of Love that beams from his soul for their help and guidance. "Mine only is the True Path to Happiness," he proclaims loudly, and his heart swells with love for himself.

But if, like Toby's mistress, he is not content with his own approval, but needs must sigh for the full glory of the approval of others, there is ever a Nemesis that brings him down. "*Je suis gros Jean comme devant.*"

So swiftly was Toby's mistress made to realise that the moment you plume yourself upon having knowledge which you are warranted in making a show of to others — and she thought she had full

knowledge of the ways of dogs — that moment are you laid low.

Also he that prescribes a cure or a course of action without full knowledge, does a very evil thing.

A human being who had been promised with such unction the way to happiness and peace, might have given the matter serious and hopeful consideration. He might, indeed, and doubtless would have wasted many months putting to the test another's idea. But a dog has a surer instinct. It took Trix not twenty minutes of good hard thought, nay, not even more than a second, to see that it was his own idea he was to go by and not another's, and that twisting his own perceptions about to suit another's is a vain and foolish thing.

For three or four days after Trix's departure Rob-roy McGregor, Blarney, and Toby were ostentatiously neglected. Not only were they neglected, — they were treated with freezing reserve by Toby's mistress. Every time she thought of Roy's vicious attack upon poor unoffending little Trix she could have wept over the base

deceit of him, concealing from her so long his evil nature. Toby, too, was no better. Nothing but not having had the chance had prevented him from doing his utmost to eat up the poor little visitor. He had stood up full length flattened against the screen door, glaring in at him with eyes that flamed an unholy and vindictive green. As for Blarney, he had been transformed into a beast of such ugliness that he was simply laughable. With his back humped up and upper lip drawn down and tucked in at the corners, showing his teeth, he had stood glowering in sullen rage at a poor wee little black dog not half his size.

But Toby's mistress found nothing to laugh at in a situation that was humiliating and disillusionising to a degree. Meaning to give her friend's dog a beautiful summer, she was obliged within an hour of his arrival to compose a letter telling her she had lost the dog for her! The letter was humble, appealing, and tear splashed. Trix's mistress was large-hearted, generous, and understanding. Moreover, she was by temperament invincibly optimistic and

wrote confidently that a dog of Trix's wariness and superior intelligence would *not* be run over by a train on the railroad track — that old haunting fear of Toby's mistress — and that she felt sure he would find a home somewhere where people would be good to him, adding with the pride of every dog owner, that he was such a cunning, adorable little dog that no one could help loving him.

It was a comforting letter, but nothing but finding Trix alive and well would ever lift the weight of remorse from Toby's mistress. For a whole week she was a shattered, miserable, wretched creature. And then came a telegram that enabled Toby's mistress to hold up her head again, not in pride, but in humble thankfulness. It was from her friend, and read: "Trix at Mrs. C. A. Reynold's, South Norwalk Road. Please get him and send him home."

Trix had indeed shown himself worthy in all ways of his mistress's faith in him, when he ensconced himself there. Evidently when James lost sight of him he must have turned down the South Norwalk Road which ran a few

miles cross country from us, and with a dog's unerring instinct in such matters, if he is old and wise like Trix, he had selected the biggest and handsomest house on the Road and one without dogs or children. Many other houses had he passed on the way, but at this house he presented himself about eleven o'clock on the morning following his eventful call upon us. As his mistress predicted, he immediately won all hearts. Mrs. Reynolds had written conscientiously to the name and address on his collar, but admitted that she would like to keep him forever, if his owner would only permit.

The orders were, however, to send him home, and Toby's mistress gathered the little chap into her arms, and he really seemed to know her, and drove home with us very contentedly.

Roy, Blarney, and Toby had protested loudly when the horses had come around a little before sunset that evening, and they had not been permitted to follow. It was an unprecedented state of affairs, and our ears were harassed by their mournful howls as we drove off down the hill.

That was not all, however, for Toby, Blarney, and Roy. When we returned and they began to give us a dog's glad greeting, quick and ready to forget all wounds and injuries, instead of the usual cheery response, they heard themselves told sternly to go away. And then they saw Toby's mistress get out of the buckboard with that hateful little black upstart cuddled close in her arms! At the sight of Trix looking down at them in a safe and superior way, their rage knew no bounds.

And there was yet more for Blarney, Toby, and Roy to endure. All the remainder of a warm summer's evening, they, in their own home, had to stand on the outside of the screen doors and watch their own people pet another dog, make much of him, talk to him, and call him all sorts of cooing names. They had to stand there, powerless to interfere, and see him lap up saucerful after saucerful of rich sweet cream -- *their* cream; but what was the most afflicting sight of all, they had to see Waverly crackers, delicious Waverly crackers, almost forced upon him until it is a wonder he did not die!

Then to give the finish to an agonising evening, they saw Toby's mistress pick him up when bedtime came and take him upstairs with her without saying as much as good night to them.

No one in the family had a word or a cracker for them. And that night they, who usually slept in the softest places in the house, found cheerless beds of straw out in the stable.

Who can portray the wonder and consternation that must have filled their minds! Did they realise that this was their punishment for having been rude to a guest? If not, how forgiving they were! After Trix had been put in his box and sent back to his mistress on the earliest train possible the next morning, joyfully and excitedly our dogs leaped about us as we came up the hill from the station. All was forgiven. All was forgotten. As far as they were concerned, the Trix episode was closed.

As for Toby's mistress, she abandoned once and for all the rôle of playing Providence to others, although she is willing to admit that it offers you the sweetest emotions while it lasts.

Of course the male member laughed when he heard of her ill-judged effort and told her she ought to have known that all dogs are jealous of other old dogs. Naturally they would try to fight him off, being perfectly honest, and feeling, moreover, that it was quite unnecessary to have any deceitful parleyings or diplomatic delays when it came to dealing with each other. Had Trix been a puppy, they would have adored him. Thus wrote with conscious superiority the male member. And Toby's mistress sighed and thought mournfully, "Dear me! How much men know."

“Surely this fact, this capacity of the lower animals to love, not only man but one another, is the most significant, the most deserving to be pondered, the most important in respect to their place in the universe of all the facts that can be learned about them.” — H. C. Merwin.

“The peculiar and distinguishing unfitness of the dog to be anything less than the real companion of man and the object of his care is evinced by the generally undesirable condition of the street dogs of Western Asia.”

— *History of the Dog*, W. C. L. Martin.

“Dans l’Avesta une des deux fautes pour lesquelles il n’y ait pas à espérer de rémission c’est l’inhumation inconséquente de chiens et d’hommes. Nous lisons au troisième chapitre du Vendidad : —

“Si l’on enfouit en cette terre des chiens mort et des hommes mort et que, deux ans durant l’on ne les déterre pas — quelle est la punition, quelle est la pénitence, quelle est la purification ?” — A quoi Ahura Mazdâ répondit : ‘Pour cela

point de punition, point de pénitence, point de purification,' et il ajoute que ce sont des 'actions à jamais inexpiable.'

“‘O Créateur! quel acte coupable commet celui qui donne une mauvaise nourriture à un chien gardien du bétail?’ Ahura Mazdâ répondit: ‘Il commet ce même acte coupable que s’il donnait en ce monde corporel, une nourriture mauvaise du chef d’une maison de qualité.’

“‘Dans ce monde corporel ô saint Zarathustra! le chien est parmi les créatures du saint esprit, celle qui vieillit le plus vite: ceux qui demeurent sans nourriture près des gens qui se nourrissent.’

“On voit bien que le chien doit y être considéré comme un auxiliaire dans la lutte contre l’ennemi.” — *Morale de l’Avesta, L’Éloge du Chien dans le Saint Livre du Vendidad*, Avel Hovelacque.


“Give a dog an ill name and hang him.” — **Proverb.**

“There are more ways to kill a dog than hanging.” — **Proverb.**

CHAPTER VIII

“Nae doubt but they were fain o’ ither
An’ unco pack an’ thick thegither.”

— BURNS.

 HE next event in the lives of Toby, Blarney, and Roy was the arrival of a new farmer with a young dog not a year old, that bore such a suspicious likeness to Rob-roy McGregor, especially in colouring and marking, that at a distance it was almost impossible to tell them apart. When you saw them together, however, you perceived that Sport was not so symmetrically built as Roy. He was lean, lank, and weedy, his tail was not set on so well, and his face was differently marked. He was still a puppy and full of puppy enthusiasm, and immediately attached himself to Roy, Blarney, and Toby and like the other famous trio, the Three Musketeers now became four.

All day long they hunted the woods together,

and Sport could never get enough of it. Early in the morning he would be over coaxing Toby, Blarney, and Roy to be off with him. Sometimes we would not see them again until night-fall and then they would be too tired to care for anything but to sleep. They were too tired from these long chases through the woods to be affectionate even, and it began to seem to us that since Sport came we really had no dogs.

Formerly they appeared to know by some instinct when we were about to start for a long drive about the country, and rarely did they fail to be on hand waiting eagerly for us to be off. Indeed, the charm of the woods paled for them all, when compared to the joy of accompanying us on a drive.

Roy and Blarney would run on ahead, looking back for us to follow, while Toby would jump into the buckboard, palpitating with delight, and with his forepaws dangling over the dashboard, and tongue hanging out, he would stand up the entire way. No persuasion could make him lie down, nothing could induce him to take his drive easily, as any pampered pet

born to luxury should do. Nothing short of main force could make him stay in comfort and safety on the back seat, and as that in time grew fatiguing to Toby's mistress, her restraining hand would relax, and as it did so, Toby would bound over to the seat by James and thence down to his favourite and perilous position. Several times in going around sharp corners he had fallen out, but that made no difference to Toby. Time had taught us that Toby's concentrated purposes could not be disturbed or shaken by any casualties except death itself. That he loved above all else to go with us, his prolonged howls of misery attested whenever he was left behind.

Yet now we took our drives day after day with no dogs scampering joyously across the fields and back again to us, nor was there a little white dog, with red tongue hanging out, leaning as far as he could get over the dashboard, as if he believed he was driving the horses or in some way making things go.

A drive after a gay little team of horses through a stretch of wooded, rolling country,

when the summer is still fresh and young, is worth all the automobile rides going. But to have it utterly perfect there must be a dog or two chasing on in front, and ever and anon dashing back, just to tell you, as only a dog can tell, what a beautiful and joyous place is this world of ours — and that you are what makes it so in his eyes, and to you he is eternally grateful. Seeing him thus, there comes over you such a feeling of well-being that before you know it, you, too, are lifted into a region of pure unspeculative, unthinking joy ! The world is a good place. Your dog has told you so.

All this, having once had, we sadly missed. Day after day that summer we took our drives sedately and soberly alone. A sort of dismal torpor settled over our spirits, we hardly knew why.

One day we were driving along rather solemnly about ten miles from home, when James broke the quiet by suddenly stopping the horses, and standing up in the carriage, he pointed with his whip to the top of a hill beyond, saying excitedly, “There are our dogs !”

We had just time to see them disappearing from view over the brow of the hill — going, we knew not where, and utterly unconscious of our vicinity. It is hardly necessary to say that the drive that had been rather solemn before was now superlatively so.

All these years our dogs had been happy, leading the life of the woods, — the free, outdoor, happy, hunter life. Now under the leadership of a headstrong, undisciplined, vagrant dog they had become vagrants, too, scouring the country lawlessly and doing — what? What were they hunting so tirelessly? What do a pack of dogs find to do, we asked each other uneasily, so far away from home?

We had grown lax. We had believed that the years had brought wisdom and that since the value of the torpedo as a corrective had been discovered, a dog's millennium was at hand. As a matter of fact, we had been like all trusting, believing, credulous women — with the usual result.

“They are just natural born strayers,” Toby's mistress ejaculated in a tone of disgust.

All thought she meant the dogs, and so she did, of course.

Without further revealing she continued to muse to herself. Her heart was sore within her, for she had thought her training of Toby had made him a dog to be trusted. A woman to succeed with dogs or men — her thoughts ran comprehensively and decisively — must be up and doing all the time. Let her not think she can relax her vigilance over the best of them — and Toby is certainly a dear — feeling that at last they are perfectly trained. They never are. Such is their manifold nature that they are continually developing on new and unexpected lines. Here was confirmation of it before her very eyes! Evidently with dogs and men — and this was the ultimate conclusion of Toby's mistress after deep and painful reflection — not until they reach the last stage of decrepitude can a woman sit back and take life easily, feeling that her task is done.

Vagrants! Tramps! The words sank heavily into our consciousness. We tried to keep our dogs at home. We tried to keep Sport

from coming over. But in spite of locks and chains and all our watchfulness, one or all would at one time or another elude us, Sport would be waiting, and off they would go with him, to be gone for the rest of the day.

They would come back, knowing they were in disgrace for their disobedience, and looking hang-dog, sullen, and tired, and acting as if they only cared to shun us and avoid meeting our eye.

They were tramp dogs indeed, nor was it long before we learned the reason why.

A farmer drove in one Sunday a little after noon, and we heard him haranguing James, who stood in the stable door looking white and miserable. He gesticulated violently towards the rear of his wagon where something lay, and as his voice grew louder and louder and more vituperative, we heard the words, "Your dogs and my sheep."

James motioned him to drive on to the house, and when we saw the mangled body of a full-grown sheep lying in the back of the farmer's wagon, the ominous story of what a pack of

dogs do so far away from home was revealed in all its horror.

In heart-breaking silence we listened to the farmer's story. Our dogs had been chasing and worrying his sheep all summer, he told us vehemently, and one of the dogs was a perfect demon. Sometimes he would come alone, sometimes he would bring one or two of the others, and again all four would come. As if fearing we might try to deny that our dogs were the culprits, he proceeded to describe them. There was a bird dog, two shaggy coated dogs so near alike he could not tell one from the other, and a little white dog who came sometimes, but not so often as the others. "He was too small anyway to do any harm," he added, dismissing Toby contemptuously.

Toby's mistress shuddered. Little did he know the punishment that lay in Toby's jaw. Yet he might have gone as an interested spectator, just as at the hunting season he would go with Blarney for the sole and delightful purpose of being sociable. She breathed a fervent prayer that the acquittal so willingly extended might be a true verdict for Toby.

Breathlessly, our hearts like lead, we waited for him to go on. Everyone knows that here is a matter for which there is no extenuation. If his story was true, no excuse could be pleaded, — no clemency granted.

We must have looked our grief and heart-sick alarm, for the anger in the farmer's voice died out a little, and he explained hastily that although they had pestered and annoyed him almost to death, they had never done any actual harm until to-day.

“This morning,” he continued more quietly, “my man was away, and I was just coming home from church, when as I drove in the yard, I saw two of your dogs, the little white one and one of the shaggy coated ones, chasing my sheep up and down the field. I jumped out of my wagon, leaving the horse with one of the children, and picking up some stones started on a run to drive them off. I got there just in time to see the little white dog trotting off — he couldn't do no harm, you know — but the big one had a sheep down and was just putting an end to him when he saw me coming, and skulked away. I

picked the sheep up, now dead, and put it into my wagon and have brought it for you to see. I know they are pets, ladies," he concluded, "and I hate to make you unhappy, but a sheep is a sheep, and I can't afford to lose one."

Here was tragedy for us! Here was the end of the brave musketeers — an ignominious end for one, if not for all. Our beloved well-trained dogs, Toby, Blarney, and Roy, had all been guilty of worrying and persecuting sheep, and there was a possibility that one of them had committed the worst crime a dog can commit. The crime that makes him a pariah among dogs and men and for which he must yield up his own life. For once a dog has killed a sheep, he is no longer fit to live. He has been false to his "great ancestral duty" — when men were shepherds all and the dog's mission to his master was to guard and protect his flock. And from that early day to this no dog lives who does not realise in the innermost consciousness of his being the enormity of this offence. Once he starts out on this evil course, he cannot look you in the face.

No wonder our dogs had kept away from us. None knew better than they the wrong they were doing. For a dog knows, too, that it is mischievous and wrong, if not absolutely wicked, for him wantonly and maliciously to chase a flock of sheep.

None could deny that they had all been guilty of wrong, but the actual murder lay between dashing, blustering old Rob-roy McGregor and his left-handed offspring, Sport.

Roy was mischievous, but was he so evil as to have done this cruel thing? Who could tell how far he had been led astray! He was home now, but we recalled that earlier in the morning he had slipped away, and as for Toby, there was no keeping him home.

There was a lump in everyone's throat as the farmer finished.

Brokenly we told him that we would leave it all to him. He must decide, and whichever dog was guilty, he had the right to demand his life.

Our farmer was sent for to bring Sport, the farmer alighted from his wagon, and the two

dogs were placed before him side by side, Roy McGregor and Sport.

Their likeness and yet their unlikeness as they stood there was never more noticeable. They were precisely the same size and each had the same white ruff, shading down the back and sides into black and gold and tawny reds. But there the similarity ended. The lower part of Roy's face to his black tipped nose was white, while Sport's face was brown all over. Roy was well-shaped, graceful, poised; whereas Sport lacked all the points that make a dog, a woman, or a man a thoroughbred. Roy looked at you with assurance, insouciance, mischief, and daring, and running through it all was love of praise and infinite love of you. The same mischief and daring looked out of Sport's eyes, minus love for you or love of approbation.

They both stood as if they knew well that they were on trial for their lives. Sport turned a cool, unwavering gaze on the farmer, and Roy looked up at him bravely, too, from out his white ruff.

The farmer considered them carefully for an

appreciable length of time, and then shook his head. "I can't tell," he exclaimed after another hesitating glance. "They aren't alike when you look at their faces, but I did not get close enough to see. It's one of the two, but I don't know which."

He turned away from the dogs to us and said gruffly that he didn't suppose there was any use killing the wrong dog, and that if we would pay him the value of the sheep in money and watch our dogs, he wouldn't press the matter any further.

We breathed again. It seemed as if we ourselves had just escaped the gallows.

"Make no mistake," he warned grimly as he pocketed the money and got into his wagon to drive off. "Whichever dog comes again to worry my sheep gets a bullet. Then we'll know which one is the sheep-killer."

There was one, however, who knew without waiting for further proof. The farmer was scarcely out of sight before with swiftly accusing finger, the mistress of the house pointed at Sport. In spite of our farmer's sullen protest that Sport

was the best dog of the lot and a perfect wonder when it came to driving cows, this gentle woman, now roused to a fine state of indignation, issued her commands. He was to keep Sport tied up. He was never to come on our grounds, under penalty of death, nor would he be permitted ever again to associate in any way with our dogs. "Did our dogs ever do anything wrong before your dog came to tempt them?" she concluded. "Sport is the sheep-killer. I know it."

You see, she believed in heredity, and good blood, and bad blood, and coming into the world right. And she knew that poor Sport, through no fault of his own, had some way got in wrong. And then everything went wrong. He fell into wrong hands. No one trained him. No one cared for him, and so he went on going wrong all through life, and leading others wrong.

Her faith was sure. But for the rest of us it was an anxious time. If a dog was out of sight for a moment, we were terror-stricken, fearing that once having had the taste of sheep chasing, they could not break off. James had said

boastfully that Toby would tackle a bear; why not a sheep, then, if size was any allurements? His mistress's confidence and pride in her one white stainless one had crumbled to the dust, and she used to murmur dolefully during those first days:—

“De chiens, chevaux, armes, amours,
Pour un plaisir, mille douleurs.”

We continued for the remainder of the summer to keep a close watch on our dogs, but as a matter of fact, with the leader in vagrancy in chains, they never attempted to stray beyond the woods; they were always around and waiting with eager joy to accompany us on our drives; indeed, the instant they were released from the domination of another's will, apparently the evil spell had been broken, and they were our own faithful, devoted dogs once more.

Alas! one day in the late autumn, however, Sport managed to slip his chain, and whirled over and whispered to Toby, Blarney, and Roy, and before we could stop them, they were off.

James started after them on a run. There were sheep, he knew well, a few miles distant

in the direction they were going. Panting and breathless, he reached the top of a hill where he could look down upon a cuplike valley of rich fertile land, and there in the hollow far off to the left, he saw a flock of frightened sheep being driven pell mell by four dogs across a long, narrow field that dipped, then rose again, half way up another hill, where it was barred off by a stone wall.

He noted in quick apprehension that one of the "shaggy coated dogs" was in the lead, which one he was too far away to tell. Anxiously he plunged headlong down the hill, and as he drew nearer, the dogs had gotten the sheep in the farthest corner of the field against the stone wall, where they stood huddled together in piteous fright, not knowing which way to run.

James leaped the fence, calling loudly and sternly to Toby, Roy, and Blarney as he ran across the field. At the sound of his voice, the three dogs in the rear turned, and as they came toward him, with almost a sob of thankfulness, he recognised dear old Rob-roy McGregor's long, pointed white nose.

Sport, however, maddened by his long confinement, rushed on heedless of everything. He was wild. He was crazed. He heard and felt nothing but the hot blood within him that surged in a mad torrent to his brain. As a rule sheep-killers are cowards working stealthily in the night. But Sport was blind now to the danger of detection. He cared for nothing — feared nothing except that his thirst for blood that had been parching his throat for so long, might not even now be slaked.

He was in the midst of the flock now, and with a savage growl he sprang on a sheep and pulled him down. Just as he did so, James rushed up, and Sport, in a frenzy of baffled rage, turned on him, growling furiously, as James clubbed him off.

James got there just in time to save the sheep's life. There could be no question now, however, about which dog was the sheep-killer. The mistress of the house had been right.

That night Sport was shot by the farmer and buried up in the woods.

And now that poor Sport had paid the full penalty, again all went happily and serenely

with our dogs. We had perfect dogs once more, who resumed their hunts in the woods, returning to us betimes with sundry scratches and wounds, to be sure, and often disreputably dirty, but always gay, loving, and sociable, and affably ready to abandon any sport to follow us on our walks and drives.

Nor, strange as it may seem, were they ever known from that time on to glance even sideways at a flock of sheep. Here indeed was a study on the question of influence and association. As with dogs, so with people. As with people, so with dogs. One wonders if the analogy does not hold good !

“From the earliest periods of time, as far as records go, the dog has existed as the friend and assistant of man. . . . Nor need we wonder that the ancients placed it in the starry heavens, or made it the deified symbol of abstract ideas. ‘The Egyptians,’ says M. Elzéar Blaze, ‘seeing in the horizon a superb star which always appeared at the time when the overflow of the Nile began, gave it the name of Sirius (Latrator) because it seemed to show itself expressly in order to warn the labourer against the inundation. The Sirius, — it is a dog, they said, — it is a god! Its appearance corresponding with the periodical rising of the Nile, the dog was soon considered the genius of that river; they represented this genius with the body of a man and the head of a dog. It had a genealogy, — it took the name of Anubis, son of Osiris; its image was placed at the entrance of the temple of Isis and Osiris and afterwards on the gate of all the temples of Egypt. The dog being the symbol of vigilance, they thus intended to warn princes of their constant duty to watch over the good of their people.’

“Plutarch says, ‘The circle which touches and separates the two hemispheres and which on account of this division has received the name of horizon, is called Anubis. It is represented under the form of a dog, because this animal watches during the day and during the night.’”

— *History of the Dog*, by W. C. L. Martin.

Another explanation of why the Egyptians gave Anubis the head of a dog is that he loved the chase and dogs, and in war, where he constantly followed Osiris, he had the face of a dog upon his shield and upon his standard.

Anubis is also said to have been one of the counsellors of Isis and was given a dog's head to symbolise his sagacity. His statue was of gold or gilded, and earthly dogs of a black and white colour were alternately sacrificed to it.

Another Egyptian deity Thoth or Sothis, the Mercury of that nation, is represented with the head of a dog.

“The Bagobos of the Philippine Islands believe that the earth rests upon a great post, which a large serpent is trying to remove. When the serpent shakes the post, the earth quakes. At such times the Bagobos beat their dogs to make them howl, for the howling of the animals frightens the serpent, and he stops shaking the post. Hence so long as an earthquake lasts the howls of dogs may be heard to proceed from every house in a Bagobo village.”

*—Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.*

CHAPTER IX

“Whole towns worship the dog, but no one worships Diana.” — JUVENAL.



AS one looks back upon the days of Toby's youth, surely it was an idyllic existence we passed there on the hill — with Toby to keep us from getting dull.

South, east, and west of us one could look off over an open country of fields and meadows, to the distant hills that melted a darker blue into the blue of the sky. From early spring until late autumn the eye was ravished by the changing colours displayed by nature as she responded in her own glorious ways to man's demands upon her; not only giving him sustenance as a reward for his labours, but giving to everything she does for him a beauty that is indescribable.

She gave to us on the hill in early spring the soft brown of the upturned earth, mingled with the warm, bright green of the wheat fields.

Then as the season advanced, there was the pale blue green of the oats and the duller green of barley. She gave to us for our delight the blossoming fruit trees, the waving corn, the yellow of harvest time, and the gorgeous tints of autumn. All through the year she revealed to us in some new phase her marvellous and wonder-working charms, and all unconsciously we marvelled and worshipped, as man has wondered and worshipped since the first beginning of things.

All about us we felt the spirit of beauty, growth, fruition, and then rest—like the slow unhasting growth of some souls. For here, to us on the hill, nature manifested herself in her most peaceful and lovely mood. It is not strange that poets have risen to their greatest heights of passionate fervour in describing the wonderful processes of nature, nor that each poet soul, each seer that has been born into the world, thinks with dreamy delight of the fascination that lies in tilling the soil, putting the seed in the ground, watching it grow from day to day until finally it ripens, is harvested,

and stored safely away. To him the symbol of man's pilgrimage on earth is found there.

We had had this lovely vista all our lives, yet each year the glory of it burst forth anew. And with the changing fields spread out before us on three sides, there was always as a background, the never changing yet ever changing woods, that called out to us in summer to come and partake of their cool, green shade, and spring, summer, and autumn whispered a thousand messages to Toby.

Only in winter do the woods and all wood creatures fall asleep. And in winter Toby, too, relaxed until the first warm days came once more, telling him the joyful news that nature had waked up, that the woods again were alive with humming sounds, and calling to him to be off.

This is a story of a little dog, a little white fox terrier, who lived to see his family pass through many phases, through many vicissitudes and changes. The greatest change in Toby's and their existence came, however, when one day out of the nowhere there stalked in amongst

them the spirit of "doing things," the spirit of "making good."

Even in our remoteness it found us out, this spirit that has taken possession of women, driving them out of lives of unambitious ease to do battle with big and vital things. The dreamy, tranquil existence of former days suddenly seemed shameful, when at our very door was a big work crying to be done. And to the consternation of the distant male member, we announced that we were going to dismiss the farmer and take up practical farming ourselves.

Truth to tell, everything about the idea captivated the imagination. And no one can deny that farming, once you divorce yourself from the blind obstinacy of the average farmer, who persists in old-time methods, doing his work sullenly and mechanically in a dull, lifeless, stupid way, is vividly interesting.

Since the death of the head of the house, the farm had been worked on shares — a peace without profit way. And as time went on we found ourselves spiritually weary from too much

peace, and materially languishing from the yearly increasing lack of profit.

It would seem indeed as if the majority of farmers shrewdly and cunningly weighed up your capacity for gullibility, and acted accordingly.

But in this respect it must be owned they do not differ from the

“Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.”

Predatory instincts are not confined to the highwayman of old, nor to the rich man of to-day. There have always been robber barons and always lesser thieves. It would appear, alas, if you think about it, that when it comes to taking advantage of those who are weaker or more helpless than ourselves, we are indeed brothers of one race. And when need comes, on the other hand, for help, all help like brothers. So there you are. We are all good, and we are all bad. Each in his own time and in his own way.

The last farmer, however, in forming his estimate of us, did not seem to understand that

our intelligence was languishing into lethargy solely from disuse. He took it for granted in his stolid, Teutonic way that we had none. He was so confident, indeed, that we had none that he forced us to make a change, if only to prove to him — and to ourselves as well — that we were not so dull as he thought us.

Without the least intending it, we may be sure, it was he that added fuel to the flame. Although the last creature in the world to have desired it or to have understood it, it was that last farmer who made us adopt a career, and become modern progressive women. It was his inadequacies, and his failure to appreciate us, in conjunction with that new invading spirit of woman's belief in her own power to cope with things, that inspired us to run the farm ourselves. And yet in the last analysis, it was Toby that drove us into it. It was his spirit of indefatigable enterprise that filled the air. So in spite of masculine protests, the farmer was allowed to go when his year was up, James, now grown to manhood, was installed as manager, farm tools and live stock were bought,



THERE WAS MUCH FOR TOBY TO DO, THESE DAYS OF FARMING.

and the business of practical farming was entered upon by Toby and Toby's family with zest.

Indeed Toby found so much doing now that unless a little dog wanted to miss things there was hardly any time left to go to the woods. There was manure to draw with James and the horses ; fields to plough and drag ; the grain to be drilled in and then rolled ; and later the corn to be planted. A thousand things there were on these two hundred and fifty acres that suddenly demanded his intimate attention.

The reason Toby liked it so much is because farming requires enthusiasm unhampered by reflection. It is this, too, although we were not so conscious of it then, that makes it a profession ideally suited to women.

In past years Toby's mistress had been content to look off appreciatively upon the ripening fields. Now, however, as harvest time approached she must enter and spend hours in them, intoxicated with their beauty near at hand. And Toby, struck with admiration of his mistress in her new rôle of an outdoor woman,

was fain to neglect James and the woods to follow her in her prowls.

All the rest of the summer these two were constantly together leading a truly pastoral existence. Toby for long hours at a time would loll with his mistress against a cock of hay just as if he were a dreamer, too, instead of a busy, enterprising little fox terrier with plenty of his own kind of work to do.

And where Toby was, Blarney and Rob-roy McGregor would come leaping and bounding, too, telling Toby's mistress in their expressive dog way how exuberantly happy they were to welcome her to their out of doors, and that they, too, were completely enamoured with this poetic and picturesque side of farming.

Most affably and obligingly the three dogs would sit for their pictures wherever she thought best to pose them. Dogs, with their irresistibly charming vanity, that knows not the looking glass and has no fear of results, and with their equally unquenchable desire to please, seem to know in some occult way what a camera means, and that, being dogs and loving you, they must



A TRULY PASTORAL EXISTENCE.

justify your faith and expectations and look their very best.

Being dogs, too, they were perfectly willing to be dilettantes with one they loved, just as they would have been practical with her had she been a practical farmer. Why they should have deserted James for a vagrant, idle wanderer about the fields is hard to say. But perhaps they didn't desert him. Perhaps they were with him so much that he hardly missed them. In truth, a dog has a woman's capacity for infinite devotion to many, or like a woman, too, if occasion offers, he will be the adoring, worshiping slave of one only.

It was a great, glorious, experimental summer ! And the second summer of farming should have been like it, only sublimated, the pastoral life growing into an ever widening circle of joy. Yet tacitly, without comment or protest from anyone, Toby's mistress gradually withdrew from active participation in farming. She gave up wandering over the fields with camera in hand and three dogs at her heels. It would be repeating herself and to repeat is to react.

She was perfectly sure that farming undertaken in the right spirit, with the proper amount of intelligence brought to bear, could be lifted from the plane of patient, unthinking toil to that toward which all striving souls aspire — the existence that is unconsciously every man's dream, to be one and at harmony with nature, working with her and through her to an ever deepening understanding of her mighty plans, and of the high purposes of life.

She believed herself, also, to be an amiable philosopher of the Christian school, who prided herself upon her ability to accept things as they come, and thus to confound Fate itself, outwit it, if you please, by the easy, gracious way she met it. Yet the mere fact of the way in which it rained or did not rain was her philosophical undoing. Could the old bit of sophistical reasoning have come true, "It rains or it does not rain; it does not rain, therefore it rains," her reputation as a farmer of *esprit* might have been saved.

Indeed many illusions in regard to herself faded into nothingness during this experience of

getting closer and closer to nature. Had she analysed her feelings before this experiment began, she would have said that she had a firm and unshakable belief in the rulings of Providence — which includes the weather. “The Lord sends the rain alike upon the just and the unjust farmer. Blessed be the name of the Lord.” Unless one can say that from the depths of a sincere heart, he is not yet fit to be a farmer. “The days of affliction have indeed taken hold upon him and trouble and anguish shall make him afraid.”

Heretofore a beautiful day had been to Toby's mistress a day to enjoy, and a day of rain of value as well in its own way. But now after the first season of farming she found herself in constant friction with nature on that very vital question of rain. She who was to lead farmers upward to a higher appreciation of æsthetic joy, untrammelled by fear of results, working with nature instead of against her, following the Universal Law, she it was who fell first, with a bruising, humiliating thud from her high estate. As a matter of fact, she was no whit better than the average farmer, who, from

the time he gets up in the morning until he retires with the chickens at night moans continuously about the weather. If it is a glorious day and his crops need rain, still is his soul vexed within him. And insensibly, before she realised what was happening, Toby's mistress had fallen into that farmer way of looking apprehensively at the sky, and a cloud as big as a man's hand at harvest time was a source of anxiety that no power of reasoning could subdue.

Thus the mere fact of 'it rains or it does not rain' took all joy out of intimate association with anything that when you came to depend upon her, was so heartlessly unresponsive as nature. Again too responsive, she was always in excess, lavish, a miser, — one year an ingrate yielding no return for a season's toil, another year a benevolent goddess who smiles upon all your undertakings.

And so having loved nature blindly before, Toby's mistress, now that she was becoming practically acquainted with her — living on the same farm with her, so to speak — had a daily accumulating grouch against her. Never indeed had

she felt such an active distrust of Providence as upon these sobering days of farming.

To work with nature and yet be unable to control her is a soul-warping thing. It was Goethe's opinion that no person of imagination could work with the soil. From her own experience Toby's mistress came to the conclusion that to farm successfully and happily you must be phlegmatic, the more so the better; of equal mind as to good and evil result; and "unsolicitous about the event of things;" or else you must be filled with the gambling spirit that loves nothing better than taking big chances. And she would take a chance with *anything*, she assured herself, sooner than with nature, unless she had her right under her thumb.

In truth, there is never but one summer of æsthetic farming. After that it becomes intensely real. No more can one play with it and take it lightly. It gathers everything and everyone into itself. One does not farm; one becomes a farmer, and there is a vast difference between the two. You find yourself drawn into a great and mighty conflict with nature. She

cheats you, disappoints you, disheartens you, and again so graciously and bounteously responds to you that ever she lures you on. She drains you of vitality and buoyancy, so that you have only dogged, stolid persistence left. But if she has cast her spell upon you, you are done for for all time.

As her own enthusiasm faded, Toby's mistress saw that the enthusiasm of the other members of the family had only waxed the greater. They had become indeed the most visionary of visionaries, practical farmers. They saw everything large. They were full of big plans. They were working entirely for the future, and were ready confidently to take issue with nature at every turn. They were cheerfully and hopefully resolute in their belief and determination, moreover, that eventually she must yield up to them without stint her richest treasures.

The dream of the soil had taken possession of the others — the weight of it oppressed the soul of the dreamer.

In the presence of their magnificent belief she felt like a pitiful, cowardly renegade. She

who had once prided herself upon being able to fit into any condition of life!

She was told with superb scorn that everyone farms these days.

She could not deny it.

And that she who had always hankered to be in the movement — but discreetly — was now hopelessly behind the times.

She knew it, and mourned in knowing it.

“Certainly you are a misfit as a farmer.”

That said it all.

Thus contemptuously was the family steam roller applied to Toby’s mistress.

Truth to tell, with visionaries a dreamer has no place, and gradually Toby’s mistress found herself outside the family conclaves and living more and more in a world of her own. And sometimes, when the tears would roll down her cheeks as one by one her dreams vanished, a little fox terrier dog would cry, too, in sympathy, and leap up to lick her face.

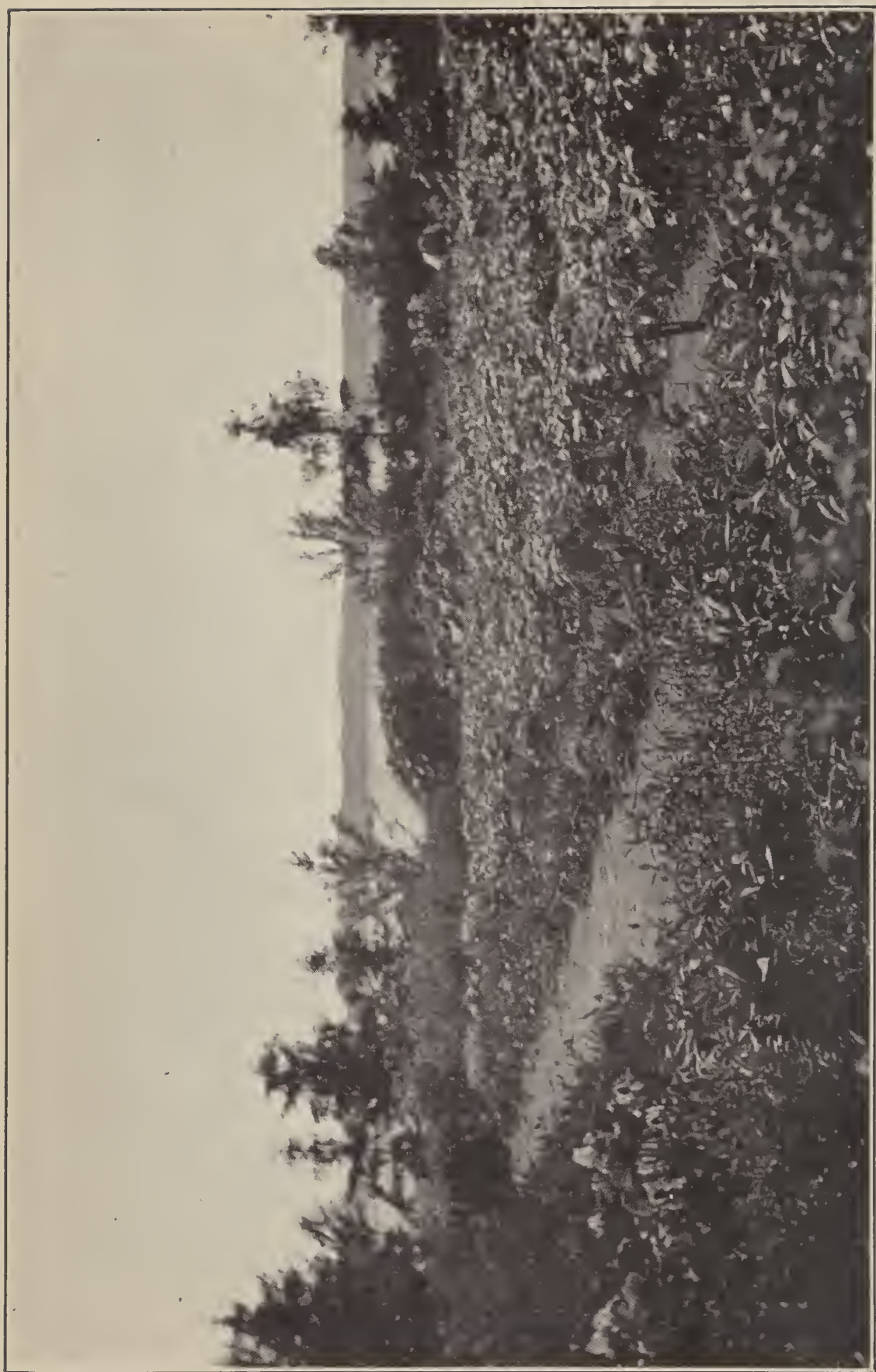
“ *L'Eloge de la vie familiale, de la vie active, de la vie agricole tient une bonne part du troisième chapitre du Vendidad. 'A qui des deux bras travaille la terre, celle-ci apporte la richesse comme un ami, un ami chéri, elle lui apporte la postérité et la richesse tandis qu'il est étendu couché. Celui qui des deux bras cultive cette terre ô saint Zarathustra! cette terre lui dit: Homme qui me cultives des deux bras je veux toujours porter toutes les nourritures avec le fruit des champs. Celui qui ne cultive pas cette terre des deux bras, ô saint Zarathustra! cette terre lui dit: Homme qui ne me cultives pas des deux bras, tu vas toujours mendier ta nourriture à la porte d'autres . . . o créateur . . . quel est l'accroissement de la loi mazdéenne? A cela Ahura Mazdâ répondit: C'est lorsqu'on cultive les céréales avec assiduité, ô saint Zarathustra! Qui cultive les fruits des champs, celui-là cultive la pureté, il favorise la loi mazdéenne il développe la loi mazdéenne . . . Lorsqu'il y a des fruits de la terre les démons sifflent; lorsqu'il y a des pousses les démons toussent; lorsqu'il y a des tiges les démons pleurent; lorsqu'il y a d'épais épis les démons prennent la fuite. C'est dans la demeure où se trouvent le plus d'épis que les démons sont le plus terrassés.' ”*

— *Morale de l'Avesta.* Trans. by Avel Hovelacque.

“ *On dit d'un flatteur: 'Il fait le chien couchant.'* ”

— French proverb.

“Amongst the many animals whose forms the corn-spirit is supposed to take are the wolf, dog, hare, fox, cock, goose, quail, cat, goat, cow (ox, bull), pig, and horse. In one or other of these shapes the corn-spirit is often believed to be present in the corn, and to be caught or killed in the last sheaf. As the corn is being cut the animal flees before the reapers, and if a reaper is taken ill on the field, he is supposed to have stumbled unwittingly on the corn-spirit, who has thus punished the profane intruder. . . . The corn-spirit conceived as a wolf or a dog . . . is common in France, Germany and Slavonic countries. Thus, when the wind sets the corn in wave-like motion the peasants often say ‘The wolf is going over, or through, the corn,’ ‘the Rye-wolf is rushing over the field,’ the ‘Wolf is in the corn,’ ‘the mad Dog is in the corn,’ ‘the big Dog is there.’. . . Both dog and wolf appear as embodiments of the corn-spirit in harvest-customs. . . . But it is in the harvest-customs of the north-east of France that the idea of the Corn-dog comes out most clearly. Thus when a harvester, through sickness, weariness, or laziness, cannot or will not keep up with the reaper in front of him, they say, ‘The White Dog passed near him,’ ‘he has the White Bitch,’ or ‘the White Bitch has bitten him.’ In the Vosges the Harvest-May is called the ‘Dog of the Harvest’ and the person who cuts the last handful of hay or wheat is said to ‘kill the Dog.’ ” — Frazer’s *The Golden Bough*.



HERS WAS THE GARDEN TYPE OF MIND.

CHAPTER X

“The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, to depart.” — JOHN MORLEY.

“There is no dog so sad but he will wag his tail.” — PROVERB.



AT the opening of the third season of farming, Toby's mistress, without entering into any elaborate explanations, asked to have enough for a garden patch set off for her. To herself, however, she admitted ruefully that she only measured up to one small half-acre of ground. Hers was the garden type of mind, she told herself. A half-acre of ground represented the summit of her aspiration.

With a garden hose for sprinkling in times of drouth, and sufficient energy to weed in times of rain, she argued hopefully, one can defy nature, control the jade, in short, and keep one's serenity at the same time. To the masterful and undaunted, she resigned her share of the remaining

two hundred and forty-nine and one-half acres. "You may have all the profits, too," she added as an afterthought.

And each morning now during the spring and summer Toby and his mistress worked in the garden, and each afternoon Toby spent in the woods.

The refrain of an old French translation of the Zenda-Vesta sang in the ears of Toby's mistress as she worked in her garden.

"Celui qui ne cultive pas cette terre des deux bras, ô saint Zarathustra! cette terre lui dit: Homme qui ne me cultives pas des deux bras, tu vas toujours mendier ta nourriture à la porte d'autres."

While she cultivated the ground she reflected cheerfully. If you garden strenuously enough, you may keep in the movement that is bent steadily nature-ward, without being the movement itself; also — and this is not to be sneezed at — you may contribute your share to the conversation of nature-loving, farming-loving friends, instead of their reducing you to helpless, ignorant, protesting silence; you may indeed become a bore to others, instead of being bored

yourself, — a positive joy should ever be preferred to negative, enduring suffering, — and by gardening, too, “*des deux bras*” you may circumvent the wrath of the gods !

No wonder Toby’s mistress was happy ! Even weeding a garden is fascinating sport, if you have a little fox terrier to keep you company. And when you add to that a saucy chipmunk who spends the summer, too, right in the vicinity of your garden, it is easy enough to see how it is possible for gardening never to grow dull.

All that summer the chipmunk played with Toby until Toby nearly died of spleen and mortification. Sometimes his mistress would look up from her work in the direction whence came his bark of agony, and there in the orchard that ran parallel with her garden, she would see Toby, balancing himself on the very end of a low spreading bough of an apple tree, looking up in a very frenzy of longing to the topmost branch, where sat his mocking little foe. The chipmunk loved most of all, however, to perch on the highest limb of a tall, old-fashioned pear tree that stood in the middle of the garden. From

here he would look down at Toby, and according to Toby's understanding of the matter, the chipmunk didn't do a thing but gibe at him, and make faces at him, and tell him what a failure he was as a tree climber. Indeed, the chipmunk never gave him a moment's peace. Even in the late afternoon when he had come home from the woods, tired, hot, and dirty, craving only food, a bath, and rest, the chipmunk would call. Toby would prick up his ears at the sound, run to the door to be let out, and then rush frantically to the garden.

It was agonising but interesting, and a fox terrier can stand any amount of agony, if the interest keeps up. To the best of our belief, Toby never made even an approach toward getting the chipmunk. Therefore, we may conceive, that a chipmunk represented to Toby the alluring chase of the unattainable.

It seemed, as summer followed summer, that outside the garden everyone was serious and practical now. Everyone was growing up, Toby's mistress used to whisper to Toby. Were they growing old, too? Many a confab



A CHIPMUNK THE ALLURING CHASE OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

did they have together over the strange changes that this violently progressive spirit had brought about in their lives. No more fun, was there, Toby. No gay harum-scarum races to the woods, with an eager, sport-loving boy to follow you and help you out of a scrape. James, alas, had grown up, too, and as manager of the farm was gravely aware of his responsibilities.

Now no one talked of dogs and their tricks. No one had time to discuss the last book unless it was a nature book. In fact, no one had time to talk about anything but farming. And it is simply amazing, Toby's mistress told her little dog, the quantity of perfectly uninteresting things that can be said about farming. It begins with the rotation of crops and carries you through the whole animal kingdom, — domestic animals, that is, — and she had yet to hear anything interesting said about chickens, pigs, or cows. A horse used to be a thing of joy and beauty, but now that we are farmers, he is simply a creature with four legs to go lame on, and multiply these four legs by nine and there you have thirty-six legs to overpower you with

fearsome emotion ! There are so many horse diseases to talk about, too, Toby, and queer things that afflict chickens and cows.

Then there are farm tools ! Something is always giving out or going wrong with farm tools. You do not wonder, if you happen to be just a dreamer, that the manufacturers of farm tools are rich enough to endow universities and contribute a portion of their surplus to the running of political campaigns. These tools, although made of such enduring things as wood, and iron, and steel, stand practical use about as long as dew stands the rays of the sun. And you say to yourself, what cleverness, what subtlety, what ingenuity it must require to be able to make these hard substances so that they last such a little while ! And of all farm implements that have as yet been devised the most cunningly contrived one of the whole devil's brood is the drill ! Was there ever an infernal machine invented that has the upsetting qualities of the drill ? — You see, Toby, one can talk an endless time about things that pertain to farming.

And Toby confided back that he, too, found the whole subject boring. Cheerfully and loyally he would have followed his beloved James to the very jaws of death, but to follow him day after day over ploughed fields, whatever the poets may say, is a stupid, monotonous existence. Toby acknowledged, too, that his only interest in chickens and pigs lay in chasing them ; also there was a lot of fun and a glorious amount of danger in biting the hind legs of a cow. Beyond that he, too, found them very uninteresting creatures.

After one of these sympathetic interchanges, it was surprising how near each felt to the other. And as time wore on, they became more and more dependent upon each other for amusement, comfort, and solace. Farmers may grow old and solemn, they told each other, but those that hunt and those that dream are ever young in spirit.

It was an almost daily occurrence now for them to start off together for a walk up the woods road, with Roy and Blarney running on ahead. The little white dog would dash on gleefully with his friends, but every few moments he must

dart back again to his mistress just to look into her face and assure himself that she was happy, too. He would trot by her side long enough to tell her how glorious it was to have her company, then, as a bird pours forth its melody, Toby from the same excess of joy, would bound off again in flying leaps to overtake Blarney and Roy.

And as Toby's mistress watched her little fox terrier racing along ahead of her, clearing each hindering obstacle by a series of daring leaps, it seemed to her that he almost literally flew through the air. She would see that little white body bound up above the tall weeds and bushes that grow thick along the side of a country road, float in the air for a yard or two, drop, then make another leap, bound up again, skimming lightly over their tops — and so, down and up, down and up, on and on it goes, until she would find herself laughing aloud in sheer delight, at this vision of joyous, superabundant life.

Up there on the woods road where it makes a bend, there was a little mossy green spot high

up on the opposite bank, that was screened from the road by a tangle of elder bushes, sumac, and undergrowth. And here a rough seat had been fashioned under the shade of a tree, where Toby's mistress would spend whole afternoons with a book or some work, but more often she would sit idly there, absently petting her little dog who would cuddle close to her side.

In ineffable contentment he would lie there dreaming, too, until suddenly, with ears alert, he would harken for a moment to some strange wood sound, and then off he would bound into the depths of the forest as if answering to some high, imperious call.

And his mistress would continue to brood and dream and ponder undisturbed, upon the strange, inscrutable mysteries of human endeavour.

Soon Toby would return, if the alarm was a false one, and listen blinkingly to his mistress, whenever she felt inclined to share her reflections with him.

"Farms exist, Toby dear," she told him one day, "for three reasons: the first and inexorable reason is to provide food for the sustenance of

life; the second is to enable writers of imagination to concoct bliss-inspiring stuff about the beauty, joy, and profits of farming life; and the third and last reason, Toby, is to provide phrases for godly people. The first reason is logical, necessary, and all right. We farmers have a homely, unescapable value, but personally I object to being exploited for the material and spiritual enrichment of the last two. And as for the godly people—if they had not us farmers to draw upon for phrases, there isn't a religious speaker in the world that could last ten minutes.

“He will tell you that he sows the seed of righteousness in your soul, and like the farmer awaits the time of harvest. He promises not to forget nor to neglect the seed he has sown. He will water it for you in times of spiritual drouth, and cultivate it when weeds spring up that threaten to strangle its slender existence. He goes on to assure you, however, that everything depends upon the darkness, the fertile earth, the sun, wind, and rain of the spirit. These will be supplied from your experience, he tells

you, not from mine. And then having vouchsafed you that much responsibility toward your own soul, he lifts his hand in benediction and departs, — telling you as a parting message that he is going about on God's business, but that He has not forgotten, He will not forget.

“And the capital He means himself and not the God whom he represents.

“Deprived of that simile of ‘sowing the seed like the farmer,’ even he, Toby dear, would begin to believe that he no longer had a reason for existence.

“They will talk, too, about pruning you, all for your soul's salvation, pruning the dead limbs of your character. Just as if they were not human beings, too, even as I — I nearly said ‘even as you and I,’ Toby. Assuming that I am a tree, are not they, then, of the tree family, too? — And who ever heard of one tree pruning another? A dead tree, to be sure, may fall, crushing a live one, but a live tree, if we think about it, is too busy just living and growing to bother its head about dead ones. Just living is occupation enough for most people. And for

those who would prune, let them prune trees, or if their taste leads them toward sowing the seed let them become farmers — or gardeners like myself,” Toby’s mistress added piously.

“But let them never aspire to the rôle of spiritual leaders. For these do not sow the seed, they draw forth from some just awakening consciousness what is already there. And this they do from having lived themselves and sounded the depths of human experience. By their livingness — because they live in a larger and fuller sense than others the true life of love and selflessness — they help others to live.

“Helping others is usually an unconscious act — more so than most of us dream. A boy hears a sermon. The minister from the depths of his own belief says, ‘The ship that never goes out to sea will never founder, but it might better founder than lie rotting in the dock.’ This expression of his own conviction, his own earnest conviction, mind you, crystallises into form something that has been stirring in the boy’s soul, and he goes forth and achieves success, always in after life paying tribute to the message

that sent him out. But the impulse toward growth and achievement was already there in his own heart.

“Edward Carpenter must have known by experience that ‘To take by leaving, to hold by letting go,’ is the life of the soul, else those words could not have winged themselves into the soul of another, becoming a pivotal message in every crisis of that other’s life.

“No,” Toby’s mistress concluded, “to those who still think themselves a race apart whose mission it is to sow the seed of righteousness in the dark depths of lesser mortals, wicked, sinful souls, I offer to them my farm and wages two dollars a day, — but not my soul. Their mission is to the earth. Their vocation lies not in preaching to empty seats, but in helping us farmers to solve the problem of farm labour. By good, honest, hard work undertaken in all humility, they will in time find their level and that the road to salvation lies pretty much the same way for each and every one of us.

“A little fox terrier helps, too, to find the road, if you get him as a pup and educate him and

yourself at the same time. If you do this with love in your heart, you will be a god to your dog, no doubt, but you will ask only to be a brother to your fellow beings.”

Toby sat bolt upright that day listening in great excitement to his mistress's homily. He knew the Methodist gentleman to whom she referred. And he wanted to tell her, O *how* he wanted to tell her that she made a great mistake when she evolved the torpedo idea. If only human beings would trust more to the instinct of their dogs ! One day the torpedoes had been mislaid when the parson went by — that was what Toby was longing to tell.

Toby's mistress hugs him, “You stupid little Toby dog ! I knew where the torpedoes were that day, but I didn't throw them. Goddesses do things like that sometimes, when uninstructed parsons happen to be about. And he said, didn't he, Toby, when you all pitched on to him and he fell off his wheel trying to kick at you — I know quite well what he said, that only a family of unregenerate heathen would keep so many dogs. That's what they always say, Toby dear.

The unco' guid, the man who is 'better than thou' still has the semitic idea about the dog. And then he said, didn't he, that it was *wicked* to waste so much affection on dogs when there were poor children in the world starving — and then he picked himself up and rode off just as if he had said something holy and fine.

“What a lot more he would know of life, if he had had a little dog like you to educate him. Although when I think of how I wanted to make a little house dog of you, Toby, I ought not to flout the parson.”

And Toby looked up with his shrewd little eyes. “You couldn't have done it,” they said.

“The truth is, Toby,” his mistress went on musingly, “it is knowing what you are and then being it — and it is you who have taught me that. Think how unhappy I would have been, if I had persisted in trying to be big and progressive and embrace the whole earth — that is two hundred and fifty acres of it — when I was only fit for a garden patch. To be what you are and work at the thing you like to do, that's our nostrum for happiness. With you — it's killing woodchucks

— a queer taste to some — but you like it. And with me it's to potter every morning in my garden."

Toby was such a polite little listener that one could not question his breeding, much less his affection.

There was no doubt that he loved his mistress deeply — but still with a certain tolerance. She was necessary to his comfort, and she petted and made much of him in his hours of ease. But those hours of hunting, those breathless hours of exciting encounters in the sombre woods of mystery and enchantment — those were the hours in which he truly lived. And in that life which was his very life and existence she never shared.

He knew she wasn't a true sport — not even a make believe one, so when he went into the woods he left all thought of her behind. One day he had been working for hours at the foot of a tall half-dead sycamore tree. He had dug up more earth with his paws than a man with pick-axe and shovel could have dug in the same time. He had torn savagely at the roots of the tree

with his teeth, but all in vain. And as he had worked, he had longed, O how he had longed for James ! There was still that perfect responsiveness between him and James as of two souls that were as one. He had barked until he was hoarse hoping James would hear him and leave his farming as he used to leave everything to come to a little dog who needed his assistance mightily. He ran around the tree frantically looking for another entrance perchance, then leaped back, fearing the woodchuck might escape him. To keep doing the thing that does nothing to further your ends is so trying to a little fox terrier. And to do nothing is so much more trying still ! So Toby dug the earth, tugged at the hateful, interposing roots, barked incessantly, and never lost sight of the woodchuck for an instant.

And as he dug and tugged and barked with all the vigour of a little fox terrier who was being balked of his heart's desire, he saw a blue gown approaching. It came nearer. It came right up to where he was. And as he leaped up on it regardless of dirty paws, he caught the amused smile on his mistress's face as she edged

around the hole. If only his mistress had been a man how perfect she would have been ! She was a dreamer, an idler, she was all things he loved, but not a sport.

Inspired by his needs, he implored her for once to be one ! He showed her just how, if she were to poke a long stick into that little bit of a hole where the woodchuck was — a hole too small for Toby to get into — the woodchuck would be driven into a larger hole where he, Toby, she might be perfectly sure, would be waiting for him. *And she did it!* She poked the woodchuck right into Toby's waiting jaws — and then she turned her back.

And as they followed the woods road home, just as the sun was casting slanting shadows, Toby leaped about her in ecstasy, showing in every way his love and gratitude. He was hers, heart, soul, and body, he assured her. Even James, whom he adored, was now secondary. Oh, how she had grown ! he told her. When he first knew her she had been a weak, domestic, pusillanimous creature afraid of her own shadow, but now since this afternoon, she had grown to be brave

and strong — a woman worthy to be the owner of a fox terrier dog.

And Toby's mistress, as they walked along, could not help recalling her shudders of horror on that Sunday walk on the woods road so many years before, when Toby as a pup had strewn the way with the bodies of slaughtered woodchucks. And now for love of this same dog and admiration for his pluck and prowess, she it was who had aided him to kill. Strange indeed are women !

It had not escaped the observant eye of Toby's mistress that latterly when she passed James in the cornfield hoeing industriously, as she and the dogs wended their way to the woods on a fine afternoon, he would pause in his work and look after her and the trio in a wistful, reminiscent sort of a way.

One day she stopped to say something to him, while the dogs swarmed and leaped about him.

Without paying any attention to her question, his pent-up thoughts that had been gathering during these several years of practical farming broke forth into fluent speech.

“I tell you what,” James said, “a farmer leads a dog’s life. I don’t care what way you put it, that’s how it is. If it isn’t one thing, it’s another — and it’s something all the time.”

Here was no speech made up of hearsay evidence. Here was the living truth of one’s own experience uttered with a force and energy that carried conviction with it.

Toby had been trying vainly to jump into his arms, and now James caught him up and held him, glaring fixedly off at the distant hills as if afraid to meet her eye. He was still a boy in years, and was longing for a little sympathy. He was longing, too, to go off to the woods with Toby, longing to be free, to be a care-free boy again.

“You are wrong, James,” Toby’s mistress answered cheerfully. “Dogs, *I* think, have a very free life compared to the farmer’s. But if you have the taste for it, you know, if you like it — if you like farming, you won’t mind the work,” she concluded comfortingly.

It must be avowed here that the other members of the family did not really farm, they

simply propelled James, who in turn propelled four men who were under him. And it certainly speaks volumes for James's disposition that he could live in a family of women for more than fifteen years, and just by the force of an expressive back manage to hold his own.

This speech was the turning point with James. James's back proclaimed inflexibly, with a moody sternness that did not fail to impress the enthusiastic promoters of the enterprise, who would lead him still further on, that he, for one, was determined to resist the spell of the soil.

It soon became apparent indeed, without further words, that thenceforth James would farm with discretion.

It was also tacitly understood, as time went on, that a taste for baseball was not incompatible with farming, if your position was that of an overseer. Also that you farmed all the better, there being no ball game on, if you took down your gun and sallied forth to the woods now and then for an afternoon of sport with the dogs.

Thus did James, too, finally learn to know what you are and to be it.

Now again, as of old, Toby would join James in the stable, and perch on his back with his front paws hanging down over his shoulder and his head pressing against James's head, and there they would hold converse together with the blissful, rapt joy of two true sports, who, long separated, have found each other once more.

Once more, too, we were regaled with the intimate history of Toby's exploits in the woods. Our ears, long denied, now listened again with a mingling of pride and foreboding, to marvellous and blood-curdling stories of adventure, pluck, and daring. Toby, with Roy and Blarney and James for admiring followers, scoured the woods now more relentlessly than ever. He would return sometimes plastered with mud, with his nose gouged, his ears torn, and mouth cut and bleeding, and then James would exultingly tell the story of his unearthing another 'coon, or of some fierce encounter with a tough and battle-some woodchuck.

One day, however, Toby came back bleeding and scratched all over his head and face. He



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dropped down outside the house and lay there. He wouldn't eat. He wouldn't move. His mistress picked him up and carried him into the house and put him on the couch in the living room. He lay there all the afternoon shaking and shivering, and refused to be soothed by anyone. In alarm over his strange condition, she took him up in her arms and carried him out to James. James looked at him with a look of understanding, smiled a little commiseratingly, and said, "Rats, Toby !" whereupon Toby, forgetting himself, jumped out of his mistress's arms, and, quite well again, began to hunt for rats.

He was only mentally ill, that poor little Toby dog ! His feelings were hurt. It had been, his two friends decided, smiling a little, one of those rare and humiliating occasions when his game had gotten the best of him, and he thought surely he was going to die.

It was only a few days later that James told us, swelling with pride, how Toby had made good for this defeat. He was driving with James, and his sharp little eyes saw the head

of a muskrat peering out of a ditch along the side of the road. Regardless of the fact that the horses were going at a swinging trot, he leaped out of the runabout, plunged into the ditch, and there in the water after a terrific battle with this gamiest of fighters, he killed the muskrat. Thus did he redeem himself! His face was chewed and his body a mass of digs, but he did not seem to know it. His tail was straight up in the air and he had a deeply satisfied look — not vainglorious, not proud — just satisfied. A look that indicated plainly enough to those who knew him that he had left the enemy's lifeless body stretched out upon the field.

Besides James, the progressives, too, began to show an awakening interest in other things, and Toby and Toby's mistress saw with ill-concealed joy that the old condition of things was gradually returning.

During the years of rampant farming Toby's mistress had made it her business each morning to arrange the magazine table with the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner*, *Atlantic*, *Life*, and others of that stamp conspicuously in the foreground,

subordinating the *Agriculturist*, the *Farmer's Guide*, and others of that ilk so that only their edges peeped out. And each morning, alas ! she would find her system overthrown. The farming magazines and periodicals flaunted themselves on top, burying the others unread. Still she persisted, not hopefully — but conscientiously. Now, the magazine table began to show a normal disarrangement, betraying the sway of more than one idea. Clever stories were being read aloud again, too, and topics of the day were being sought out and commented upon. Bridge whist was being played with avidity, and books on bridge were found of a morning on the magazine table, where surely they did not belong.

In short the fever of progressiveness had run its course, and Toby's entire family were now farming with discretion.

It would never do, however, for a garden-patch reactionary to speak of it gladsomely as a return. The progressive spirit, having run his course, may apparently be retracing his steps. To the casual onlooker there is no doubt about it. Having rushed on to unexplored fields, he is now

coming back to the old, the tried, the commonplace. Not so, however, he will tell you, amazed at your curiously turned backward vision. He is still going forward, and this is a new commonplace that has never been discovered before. That you and he are meeting again on the same ground, is because you have gone forward, too, without knowing it. You have been swept on in spite of yourself by the suction of his mighty advancement.

And so, although apparently Toby's family had come back to the old order of things, Toby's mistress knew that a progressive never comes back. Although it had seemed to her that these had been years of waiting — of standing still for her, yet now she was being assured in subtle and indirect ways that she, too, was a progressive spirit without knowing it. And this thought so delicately conveyed, of a truth, was infinitely sweet and flattering. Perhaps she had grown and gone forward, too! Perhaps the others were not doing what they seemed to be doing — coming back to Toby and her — anyway here we all were on common ground once more.

Homer tells us that after Troy was destroyed by the Grecians, Ulysses returned from the siege in mean apparel, having gone through manifold dangers and been absent twenty years. He was unknown to his queen and to everyone in his palace except his dog, who immediately recognised him.

*“Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—*

** * * * **

*He knew his lord:—he knew, and strove to meet,
(In vain he strove) to crawl and kiss his feet,
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master and confess his joys.*

** * * * **

*The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll’d
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies.”*

—Odyssey, trans. by Pope.

“The dog of the Seven Sleepers was named Katmir and was admitted to heaven by Mahomet. He guarded the Sleepers 309 years neither moving, eating, drinking or sleeping.”

—Sale’s Koran XVIII, Notes.

“Dark green was that spot ’mid the brown mountain-heather,

*Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in
decay,*

*Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless
clay.*

*Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.*

*“How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?*

*When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst
thou start?*

*How many long days and long nights didst thou
number*

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?”

*— Scott’s lines on the dog — a faithful terrier-bitch
who guarded her master’s remains on the
mountain Hellvellyn for three months.*

*Mark Twain’s “advice” to Paine upon approach-
ing the Gate which is supposed to be guarded by St.
Peter: —*

*“Leave your dog outside. Heaven goes by favor.
If it went by merit you would stay out and the dog
would go in.”*

CHAPTER XI

“The poor dog in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.”

— BYRON.



IT was a sad time for the dogs when winter set in. There was cold, and wind, and sleet, and snow in the great outdoors they loved so well. Now they were glad enough to hug the fire and bask in the love of their beloved family. But there was the trouble. At just such a time they would see the trunks brought down from the attic and, trust them ! they knew perfectly well what those horrid big boxes meant. After these appeared, there would be a few days of hurry and confusion, when no one had a word to say to dogs. Then a night would come when they would be gorged on crackers and cookies, and petted and hugged and made much of. But

that didn't count for much, either, if you have a sure prescience of what's coming. The next morning — it never failed — the boxes would be taken down to the station, and always there was a mysterious connection between their going and the family's. Those boxes meant, indeed, that their family was going away.

Droopingly and mournfully they would gaze after the departing train. Life for them was existence now — not living — until their family came back with the spring.

They had their beloved James, to be sure, and he and Toby were dearer friends than ever. But when you are used to a lot of love — used to love from all sides and from many, you miss it, someway. It would seem, as one thinks about it, that this little Toby, for such a concentrated little chap, had a very capacious heart.

It was a question which he himself could not have answered, perhaps, in these latter days, which one stood first in his heart, his own mistress or James, or perhaps there is no such thing as who comes first in a heart that is large with love. There is room enough in such a heart for

all, and each one has his own place. He belonged to these two, to be sure. He was theirs. But that did not prevent his bestowing much love upon the other members of the family — and an infinite amount upon the mother. It was to the latter he would come of an evening, entreating the hospitality of her lap. Also, early in the morning, sometime between three and four, his mistress would hear Toby stir, shake himself, and then jump off the couch where he slept in her room and trot off to the mother's room.

His mistress had some inflexible rules that he knew could not be infringed upon, but he also knew, trust a dog for that, that her family were not so wedded as she was to her ideas of what constituted a well brought up dog. Not being unaware of this herself, Toby's mistress had a suspicion that Toby of a chilly morning used to nose himself inside the bed and cuddle up with huge sighs of contentment in the loving arms of the mother. The mother never admitted this to be true, neither did she deny it, however. There would come a traitorous,

amused glint in her eyes, nevertheless, when taxed with it, and she and Toby could be seen exchanging glances that showed unmistakably that there was a delightful secret between them. But neither one betrayed the other.

There was no use pressing the matter, Toby's mistress found, and when it comes to a bed, a dog, even the best trained, will circumvent you, if he can. If he can't do it with you and there is another — he will do it with that other. Henry C. Merwin, in *Dogs and Men*, says, "Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is a willingness to permit them to make a camping ground of the bed. There is no other place that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon; he is out of the way of drafts; he occupies a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world; and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks."

And now another autumn had come and Toby and Rob-roy McGregor and Blarney

had gone through the mournfulness of another parting. They were just living now in anticipation. The warm spring days meant the woods again, and life, sport, hunting. But most of all the awakening of spring meant love, and the symbol of it to them was the annual return of their much loved family after a long and cruel absence. Then how joyous and out of a full heart was the greeting of the dogs as they welcomed their family home !

But this year Toby's family came back early. The ground was still covered with snow and ice. They came in sadly, and one — the most precious one of all — did not come back. And as if awed by something new and strange in this, the dogs' full-throated, boisterous welcome died into a pathetic look of dumb inquiry.

We, who had seen this life of absolute self-sacrifice and self-surrender pass on in splendid beauty, triumphantly untarnished, were comforted by her spirit, that still seemed tenderly and broodingly to enfold us in a thin, impalpable veil of love. As ever, she who was all love, knew even now how to assuage the bitterness of our

grief. But little Toby had not seen “Death set his seal,” and he looked for her bodily and visible presence day after day. She had gone away with us. Why did she not return? He would search for her all over the house and then look up into our eyes, mutely questioning. He found no answer, and still hoping and longing to see her again he would not give up. Each night, toward early morning, his mistress would hear him stir, shake himself, then trot down the hall to the mother’s room, enter, and finding it still deserted, he would give a little cry and then come sadly back to her. Night after night he did this until many weeks rolled by. Then he would go only as far as the steps that led down to her room. He would go down the first step, pause, and seem to bethink himself — turn around with a pathetic little cry and come slowly back.

Then finally he gave up looking for her. The great insolvable mystery had stolen upon her when he could not see its coming — so how could a little dog be expected to know it was that? But now at last he knew. He realised — be-

cause love knows love — that only a long, long departure across the borders of the world could keep her away from him and us so long. And so he looked for her no more.

In truth, life on the hill was changing fast. Only a little later, when the woods called aloud to Toby that spring had come, he had lost his gay and swaggering friend Rob-roy McGregor. For eight years, ever since he was a little puppy, these two had been the staunchest and most devoted comrades. Once only did they have a difference, and that was not because Toby, having killed the woodchuck, objected to Roy's posing before us with collie bluster and pride as the hero — oh, no! it was not that sort of jealousy at all. It was over which one could show the most love for us and be the first to welcome us home from a drive. Toby was first out of the door and would have reached us first, too, if Roy in a fit of jealousy had not seized him and bit him on the head. Never before had we seen Toby "fighting mad." His life, so tempestuous in the woods, was one of peace and perfect good nature with other dogs. Now,

however, aroused by this unexpected and un-called-for attack of a friend, he turned on Roy in a fury of indignation, and had to be borne off struggling in his mistress's arms, for fear they would chew each other up.

Toby spent the rest of the day shivering in perfectly justifiable anger. He was cut to the heart by Roy's treachery, and he wouldn't get over it either. Every time Roy attempted to come near him Toby would growl. And the poor hot-headed collie, in an agony of shame and sorrow, would abase himself before his little friend. He hung around Toby, he cried, he licked his head, and in every way that a dog could, he humbly begged for forgiveness. And at last Toby's heart melted. They made it up, and the next morning early we saw them frisking off to the woods together, the best of friends once more.

It had been Rob-roy McGregor, too, who had saved Toby's life after a dreadful night alone in the woods. One morning early Toby and Roy disappeared and at intervals all that day we heard the woods ring with their barks. As

night was falling, Roy came back alone and Toby's shrill, impetuous bark was heard no longer. It grew dark, and he did not come, and full of concern his faithful James tramped through the woods with lantern and dog whistle, but to his calls there came no response. Bed-time came, and there was no little Toby to dance and bark and sneeze and beg for a cracker. No one of the household could sleep that night, thinking of that poor little dog lying dead or dying in the woods after a bitter contest with some strange wild animal, big and savage enough to fight to the death a brave little fox terrier.

And, as if to make the circumstance more grievous and desolating still, it thundered and lightened in the middle of the night and the rain came down in sheets. And poor little Toby, who hated wet and cold, was out in it !

James did not need to be urged by Toby's mistress. At four o'clock the next morning, just as day was breaking, he had started out again with Roy, to look for him. Up and down the woods they went together, James calling and whistling and telling Roy to find Toby. Roy

would look up at him each time he mentioned Toby's name, and run aimlessly here and there, but he seemed utterly dazed and useless, for a collie has no scent. Disgusted and sick at heart, James continued his search until finally they came out on the other side of the woods three miles from home, without having found a trace of Toby.

Thoroughly disheartened now, James was turning to come back, when Roy, who had gone through the woods without making a sign, now ran to a lonely tree that stood in a field about a rod distant from the outskirts of the woods, and began to bark madly. Now he was another dog, sure of his ground and quivering with intelligence. Impatient at James's delay, he ran excitedly back to him, staying just long enough to tell him in sharp, quick, joyous barks that Toby was found! This done, he rushed back again to the tree, dancing around it in his eagerness and continuing to give loud tongue to his delight.

And there, sure enough, James found little Toby in a hole under the tree, alive, well, and

perfectly dry. His collar had caught in the roots of the tree and held him fast, and there he must have remained and starved to death, had it not been for Rob-roy McGregor. As it was, he had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, he had barked so much that he was hoarse and could only croak, but as soon as James released him from his prison underground, still full of the spirit of adventure, he darted down into a hole under another tree, and was so intent on hunting and looking for game of his sort, that James in despair picked him up and carried him home. And all the way back Roy, quite as if he knew what a close call it had been for his little friend, was leaping about him in a transport of delight.

And now Toby and Roy had had their last hunt together. No more would we see these two life-long cronies scampering off to the woods. No more would the woods ring with the staccato bark of the collie, answered on a higher key by Toby. It was all over, the gay life they had had together. Poor handsome, theatrical Rob-roy McGregor was no more.

He died of some strange and nameless malady. Only a few weeks before his death, Blarney had been just grazed by a passing train. Roy saw him as he was struck, and although Blarney was not seriously injured, he had cried pitifully, and Roy had seemed beside himself, expressing his sympathy by licking Blarney all over. It was but a day or two later that a strange, gaunt, hungry-looking dog came on the place — a dog that ran obliquely here and there without apparent object. Roy, regarding him as an impudent intruder, pitched on to him, and the strange dog, snapping and snarling, had bitten Roy savagely, and James had to come to the rescue and drive him off. No one had ever seen the dog before nor did we ever see him again, and the incident passed from mind. It may not have been the cause, any more than his distress over the accident to Blarney, yet, as we looked back, it was only a little time after that that he began to be unlike himself. His ears would prick up, his eyes dilate, he would watch Toby intently, and then make a sudden spring at his old comrade, showing his teeth. Indeed his curiously in-

tent interest focussed so upon Toby that they could not be left in a room together. He was feverishly restless, excited, and distraught. He behaved more and more strangely, growing weaker each day, and the air was filled with his pitiful little cries and moans. Nothing seemed to help him, and finally he crawled off by himself one morning early and there on the front lawn, where he used to watch for the passer-by, and plunge out on him with insolent delight, he stretched himself out and died.

For weeks and weeks Toby mourned for him. He had no heart to go to the woods, but hung around James and his mistress as if they, too, might vanish unless he stood guard. Two other dear friends had left him within a few months of each other, so who could tell? One's world can crumble so to dust in such a little while. He was pathetically sad these days, this poor, loving little hero of a capacious heart! And each day he missed his old comrade more and more.

There is no knowing how long Toby's melancholy would have lasted, if it had not been for

Blarney. Blarney, too, was lonely without the collie, and he tried to make up to Toby by following him about and urging him to forget his sorrow and take an active interest in life again. He entreated him to be once more the old intrepid, indefatigable Toby that always had a following — he would follow him, he told him, he would do his best to take Rob-roy McGregor's place. To be sure, he had never found wood-chucking particularly interesting, but had gone along out of a dog's inherent sociability, never staying for the death because killing was not Blarney's favourite pastime. All this he forgot, however, in his anxiety to help Toby brace up. And at last one day Blarney succeeded in coaxing Toby back to the woods where, for friendship's sake, he made a great fuss over a woodchuck hole just as Rob-roy McGregor used to do.

When Toby returned from the woods that day, there was another look on his face. Although friends had gone and life was that much sadder, there was work yet in the world for him to do, his look informed his mistress. He

had a gigantic, a life-long task before him, if he were finally to succeed in clearing those acres and acres of woods, to his satisfaction, of small and destructive wild animals that burrowed in the roots of decaying trees, where nothing but the tireless energy of a small fox terrier could unearth them. And how much more difficult the task when they climbed the tree at his approach, instead of going into the convenient hole, and on some branch far out of reach, chattered a defiance that made his shrill bark become in spite of himself, an impotent yet piercing yelp of rage!

There was work indeed for Toby ! and now it was two dogs, not three, that rushed off to the woods day after day, a long, lean red Irish setter and a little white fox terrier with black spots on his back. And this tale might come down dismally to the time when there was but one dog — and then none at all, if James had not had one of his silent inspirations whereby Toby became a father and James the happy owner of one of his offspring.

In this matter, James had taken no member

of Toby's family into his counsel. No one, not even Toby's mistress — who might have been consulted, one would think — knew that he was meditating an experiment in eugenics. But, as has been said before, having lived these many years in a family of women, James had learned that impenetrability is a tremendous asset in this business of holding your own.

So Toby's mistress was left in ignorance until, if he were to adopt a puppy, the truth must out, and not until then, indeed, did Toby himself fully understand. Who of us, in truth, do know, in this great cosmic order of things, whither we are being led ! Alas ! had Toby known from the outset what James was getting him into, he would have thought better of it, we may be sure.

Not the first hint did James give, however, and it was not until long afterwards that Toby's mistress heard the true story of Toby's courtship in which he conducted himself with such faultless dignity and exquisite propriety of conduct that she challenges any dog owner of any breed whatsoever of dogs, to relate anything of similar kind.

It seems, as the story runs, that James and Mr. S. the owner of Vixen, a beautiful fox terrier bitch, had been secretly putting their heads together for some time. Mr. S. was one of Toby's most ardent admirers, and he, as well as James, was animated by a great desire to perpetuate a race of heroes. It appears, however, that when Toby was first introduced to Vixen — this being a made marriage — he looked at her askance, with the proverbial masculine indifference under such cut and dried conditions. Then he went home, and it is to be presumed that he thought it over. His affection for James had some weight, we may be sure, — he was ever desirous of pleasing those whom he loved, this wonderful little Toby! And possibly Vixen's charms won on him, too. However this may be, the next night about midnight Toby asked to go outdoors and was gone for the rest of the night.

Now this very well-bred little Toby, it seems, did not stop to howl out his love in imploring tones of endearment, as most dogs would have done, underneath his lady's window, which

happened as he very well knew to be the stable — had he not been taken there by James the day before? Instead then of turning aside in the direction of the stable, little Toby goes manfully up the broad walk that leads to the house, mounts the steps, scratches at the front door, and then barks for admission.

The delighted owner of Vixen — we had the story from his wife — leaped out of bed, exclaiming, “There’s Toby !” and dressing hastily he hurried down to open the door to Vixen’s little suitor, who had evidently reasoned it out that the proper course was to come straight to Mr. S. and announce his willingness and ask if he still had his consent.

And then having conducted his wooing in the most delicately honourable fashion, having done only what James and Mr. S. wanted him to do, having behaved with dignity, like a little gentleman, in short, poor Toby, alas, was punished for staying out overnight by his cruel and uncomprehending mistress !

James had brought Toby home the next morning, vouchsafing no explanation, except

that he had picked him up in Waverly. As usual he avoided with care the deadly hiatus that creeps in so unavoidably in speech when one has something to conceal. Women were quick to notice any inconsistencies in a narrative, James had found. But where silence is complete, either they suspect nothing, or their imagination is able to concoct a story that is perfect in all its parts. Quite naturally the story may not be true — but if it is satisfactory to them — surely, what's the odds !

This time, however, James counted without his host. Even a little dog, who stays away from home all night without plausible or adequate excuse, renders himself liable to a certain amount of mistrust. And James ought to have known that although a complete and guarded silence covers a multitude of sins, as every woman knows, yet for all that, when circumstances are of a certain character, only a full explanation will save the day.

So poor little Toby, because appearances were certainly against him, was treated by his mistress as if he were a loose and dangerous

character. He had to submit to having his every movement watched with suspicion. And worse than all else he was made to wear the humiliating leash that he had not seen since puppy days. No more could he dash off freely to the woods. And even when he was not tied or led by a leash, it was still left on, attached to his collar, and that was the greatest indignity of all! Even his hated enemy the cat played with it as it trailed along after him in the grass! And he had had cats so trained out of him, and for the matter of that, his feelings were so hurt, that he doubted if there was enough spirit left in him to kill a mouse!

Once more — it was the last time, however — Toby felt to the full the ignominy that may lie in wait for a hero of virile tastes, who, for all that, is tied with the tightest of hard knots to the apron strings of a woman.

James, too, was again silently cursing a fate that had made him cast in his lot with women.

There was an agony of appeal in Toby's eyes whenever he looked towards James. But prudence and modesty alike forbade James from

revealing his share of the plot. And thus, in the clutch of his two most distinguishing traits, he had to stand helpless by and see his little favourite in disgrace for a fault that was all his own. And still Toby would have gone to the ends of the earth for James who had gotten him into this plight !

All that he could do, James did for Toby. The very atmosphere about him was permeated with silent, oppressive disapproval. In every look and gesture could be read an unspoken protest. And Toby's mistress, being not without experience, read the signs that there was something unusual in the wind — something here she did not understand, and very thoughtfully, she stooped down to little Toby and took off his leash.

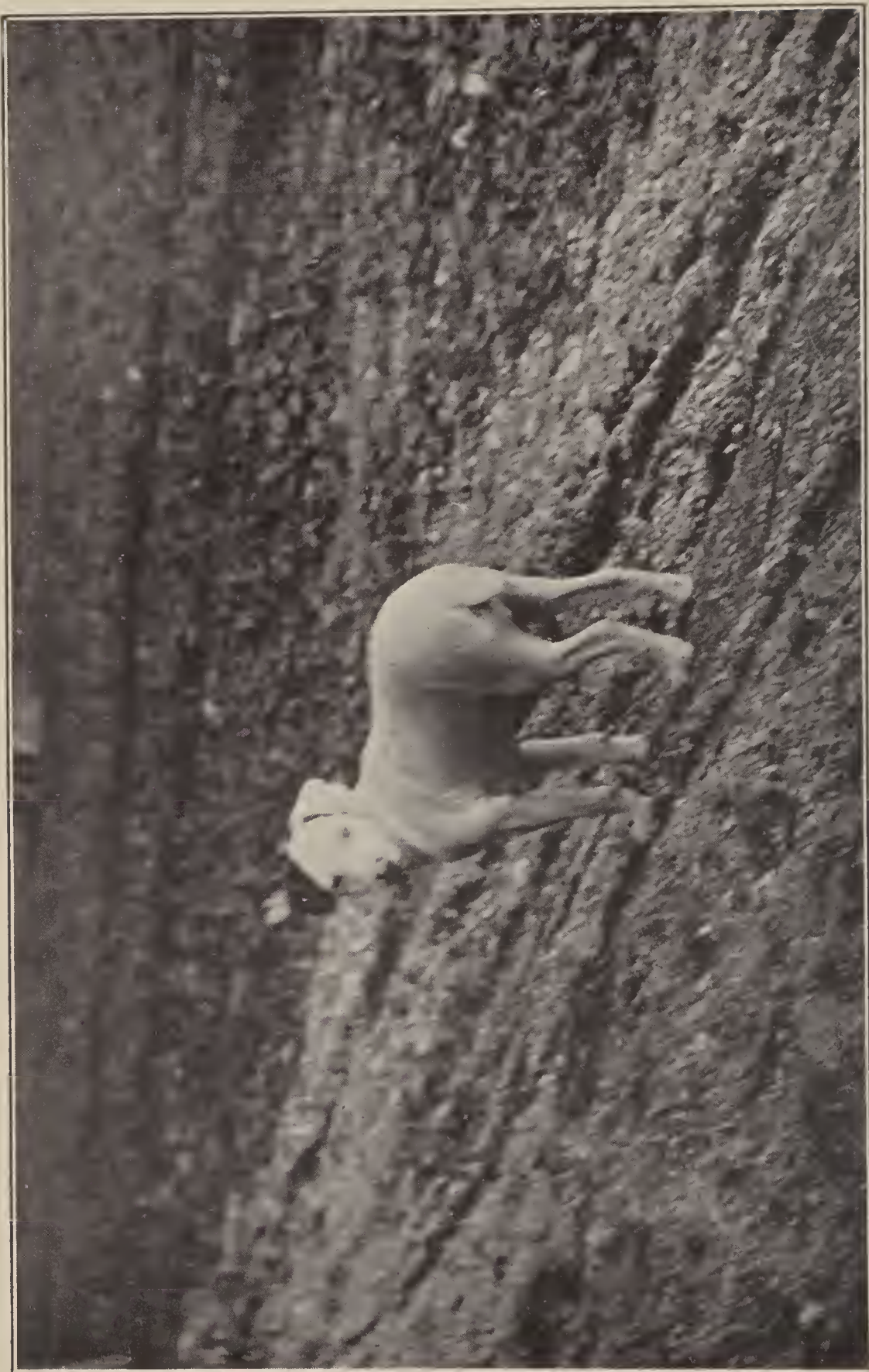
Now and then it is just possible that it is even trying to a woman to be a woman.

For quite some time after the leash was taken off and he was free to go about at will, Toby studiously and pointedly avoided his mistress. His manner told her plainly enough that she had, after the way of a woman, wounded and insulted him by her unjust suspicions and that everything was off between them. Crackers

were refused or taken grudgingly from her hand. Other person's laps were preferred to hers. Indeed Toby's mistress was obliged quite humbly to make her peace, before Toby would consent to forget his resentment and be a loving little dog once more.

Truth to tell, poor little Toby had experienced more than once the difficulties that lie in the way of him who would serve two masters — especially when one is a mistress.

Toby's heart had indeed been wrung of late. To lose two dearly loved friends, one after the other, is very sorrowful. To be punished unfairly and made an object of derision, if you have a sense of your own dignity, is hard to bear. Yet it may be questionable if to gain an unmannerly pup who supplants you in the affection of your best and dearest friend is not a grief even more poignant and insupportable. To be obliged to leap from chair to chair to escape his playful nips and preserve your dignity at the same time ; to try to look pleasant about it when you are bored to death ; to be told that he is your own son and you must love him, when you hate him



PUPSIE.

and your heart is filled with jealousy instead; and above all to see your own James absorbed in that little white pup so that he has no time for you, was piling it on to a little fox terrier who had suffered much of late.

Surely he had had griefs a plenty to bear. But even his least partisan friend must concede that this was woe itself!

Toby could not know, of course, that James's absorption in Pupsie was due to a scientific interest in eugenics, nor that James was hoping to find in Pupsie a higher reproduction of Toby's self. Toby thought it was love.

And again, as in those first days of furious farming, Toby was obliged to fall back upon his mistress for consolation.

Well did she know — this mistress of his — that it is the function of a woman to stand by. And Toby could always be sure of her. For a long time he had felt that it was not altogether humiliating to belong to a woman after all. In truth, like many another hero, he rather liked it. To be sure, she had not understood about his courtship, but the less said about that the

better. And to everyone's surprise Toby growled about nothing at all.

Pupsie grew up. And here — strange anomaly ! — in Toby's son was the perfect making of a little house dog. He would leave James any time for Toby's mistress, but she, unlike the fickle James, remained steadfastly loyal to Toby. Having cared all these years for a little warrior, and grown used to the ways of heroes, she liked no other kind. And it must be owned that Pupsie was quite unlike his sire. He was cunning, but there was nothing of the sport about him. He was no ratter. He never killed a chicken. To be sure, there was a certain cock that strutted too much to suit his fancy, and Pupsie never failed to chase him whenever he came in his vicinity. Notwithstanding his animosity for this one, however, it extended to no other. He was never known to kill a cat; in fact, he would play with them, as a puppy. Here again he had his preferences. There was one cat that he particularly disliked, and he carried this resentment down to the third and fourth generation, being able to distinguish

her kittens and the kittens of her kittens from those of another cat that he especially liked.

Never, indeed, was it given to little Pupsie to comprehend the full glory of the woods. Those were delights that only a mighty hunter can know. Not once did Toby's son present himself to us with head and face a mass of scratches and digs, to stand patiently and unflinchingly while someone bathed away the blood and shudderingly dressed his wounds. Nay, little Pupsie, for the matter of that, never gave occasion for the tears of anguish and sympathy to flow, and for that reason, perhaps, won only a pallid affection quite unlike the glowing, enthusiastic love that a hero of much courage and a warlike nature inspires.

James was obliged to admit that his experiment, as far as raising up a successor worthy of Toby, was a failure. Toby was indeed without an equal! And because Toby was a forgiving dog who loved much, James had no difficulty in reinstating himself, and they became faster friends than ever. Pupsie, too, was forgiven, now that he no longer usurped his place with James, and Toby and his son became the greatest friends.

“The dogs are the keepers of the *Kinvad* bridge which extends over hell and leads to paradise; for the souls of the righteous it widens to the length of nine javelins; for the souls of the wicked it narrows to a thread, and they fall down into hell. This bridge is known in many mythologies. It is the *Siwath* bridge of the *Musulmans*. The soul enters the way made by *Time* and open both to the wicked and the righteous. At the head of the *Kinvad* bridge, the holy bridge made by *Mazda*, they ask for their spirits and souls the reward for the worldly goods which they gave away here below. Then comes the well-shapen, strong, and tall-formed maid with the dogs at her side. (The soul of the dead on the fourth day, finds itself in the presence of a maid of divine beauty or fiendish ugliness, according as he himself was good or bad, and she leads him into heaven or hell; this maid is his own conscience.) The four-eyed dog, or white dog with yellow ears that drove away *Death* among the *Parsi* is similar to the three-headed *Cerberus* that watches at the doors of hell, and still more to the two brown four-eyed dogs of *Yama* who guard the way to the realm of death. This identity of the four-eyed dog of the *Parsi* with *Cerberus* and *Yama*’s dogs becomes even more apparent from the *Parsi* tradition that the yellow-eared dog watches at the head of the *Kinvad* bridge which leads from this to the next world, and with his barking drives away the fiend from the souls of the holy ones lest he should drag them down to hell.”
— Darmesteter.

“The last of the thirteen constellations of the old Mexican zodiac was regarded as the image of a dog’s head and therefore called itzcuntli, ‘dog.’ This constellation, as the last of the series was naturally connected with ideas like end, death, underworld.

“Thus we understand why, with the Mexicans, the dog becomes the animal of the dead. When the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac burned a corpse, they killed a red dog and laid it beside the dead body. They thought that four years after death this dog had to carry the soul over Chicunauhapan, the ‘nine-fold stream’ that flows around the innermost hell, the final abode of the dead. A small artificial blue dog, the xolocozcatl, was a part of the ceremonial dress which the effigy of the dead warrior wore.

“The mythical personage Zolotl is generally represented with a dog’s head, sometimes even as an entire dog. [Thus] Zolotl who carries the sun has been conceived as a parallel to the guide and carrier of the human soul, the dog.” — Herman Beyer.

In Japanese legend and superstition the dog is the protector of mankind; while the cat is usually represented as a deadly enemy to man. The Japanese believed in the magic power of the dog against all forms of evil demons. Indeed the dog’s bad, demoniacal side has apparently never become popular in Japan, for the legends in which he plays this part, so common in China, are rare in the country of the Rising Sun.

At the four gates of the capital in China, dogs were crucified in order to keep away evil spirits.


“Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.” — Tennyson.

CHAPTER XII

“La vie, c’est du courage !” — BALZAC.

“And thinks, admitted to that equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

— POPE.

 IN these latter days that were slipping so peacefully by, one could hardly recall those inquisitive, impertinent little eyes that used to look out in such riotous search of mischief — so warm and soft with love and understanding were these eyes that looked at you now. In truth, this little dog, as age came on, seemed to show us the way age should come to all. In beauty, in mellowness, in such ripeness of appreciation and love that you scarcely realised he was growing old.

In summer he would trot off sedately to the woods each day, always accompanied by faithful old Blarney, and sometimes by Pupsie, too. But no more did he bound through the tall

grass as if he were flying. There were no more wild, break-neck dashes — no more thrilling conflicts. For Toby and Blarney these were the memories of yesterday. Much of the time summer days he would sleep in his favourite chair on the porch, and in winter he was content to doze before the glowing fire-place.

This little Toby had lived to see many changes, for fifteen years is a very long life for a dog, and many things can happen. The distant male member of the family made the same long journey the mother had made and came no more to the hill. And Toby's own mistress, who used to go away on visits, now came home on visits. It is true she stayed away no longer, and remained home just as long, but even a little dog like Toby knows that it isn't the same thing at all.

Losses and changes and things that were inexplicable had come to him by the way. Yet the one grief that would have been unendurable was spared him — for he still had his beloved James. Toby had never disguised from anyone that James was the idol of his heart. To James



NO MORE DID HE BOUND THROUGH THE TALL GRASS AS IF HE
WERE FLYING.

— to the one who had understood him from the first — he had attached himself for all time with a dog's ardent and unswerving love. And had James left him — had James gone first, Toby would have mourned himself to death. Indeed, to have separated two such friends, before the final and inevitable parting comes, would have been cruelty itself.

Then, too, to drag him away from all his avocations, from woods and woodchucks, from ditches and muskrats, from stables, and barns and granaries, where rats and mice exist in pestiferous quantities, unless a little fox terrier is there faithfully to perform his duty of extermination; to take him from the home he loved, from his favourite chairs, from all his friends, from Blarney, Pupsie, — from the environment, in short, to which he was so exactly adapted, and transplant him to a city home, where he must sacrifice his normal life for love of her — ah, no! — Toby's mistress dearly as she loved her little dog, had not the heart to do it.

Toby from the first had made it clear that he

was a dog with work to do in the world. And there on the hill little Toby had lived a wonderful life. He had lived to the full his *own* life. No one, man or dog, had ever lived it more. To have had the great good fortune to find the niche in life where every instinct and aspiration can be realised is rare for man or beast. Yet little Toby, sent to perform his mission of cheer, by a heart that was big with love and full of the genius of giving, had found it here. This home of woods and fields and love was seemingly created for Toby. They each belonged to the other, for this home without Toby would have been sad indeed.

Yet it was a touching sight to see him each time his mistress came home. No matter how many months she might have been away, there was the same instant, joyous recognition of her from Toby as his own beloved goddess, who, next to James, stood first among all other gods and goddesses in his eyes. All the time of her absence Toby would never go into his mistress's room. It was a fact noted by all that even when the door was ajar, he would never enter

her room. But the moment she returned to faithful and unforgetting little Toby, the past was all restored without suggestion or persuasion. And indeed the fullness of joy could not have been more eloquently expressed than by the unconscious way in which he re-adopted her and her belongings.

It never failed. He would invariably precede her to her room in his eagerness that first night, and put himself to bed in his own corner as of old with an air of the uttermost contentment and satisfaction. "Home at last!" every curve of his body seemed to say. "When you are away, I am here on a visit, too. They all make much of me, but it is only home when you are here — and now we are home together."

Now again Toby's mistress came home on a visit, and received the same rapturous greeting from Toby. And that night as usual when she went to her old room she found Toby already there. There had been the same delicious by-play of re-adoption; indeed, it seemed as if he could not tell her often enough his joy and delight that she, his mistress, nurse, and goddess

had reappeared, after one of her interminable absences.

And then, as if he had only waited for her coming, the next day he sickened and she became his nurse once more. Back again now to the days of mighty battles — but this battle was with an enemy of another sort. An enemy that comes in all sorts of guises, and who always wins — and in winning always loses.

To Toby, who had never fought with his own kind, he appeared in the guise of one of his own species, a huge, skulking hound who came from the back country to the little village one day, and without provocation pitched upon a little white dog whose fighting days were passed, and after biting him savagely in the neck, had tossed him high up in the air, and let him drop for dead.

Toby had gone over town with James, as was his daily custom, and was trotting peaceably along, stopping to peer into some of his favourite rat holes — for who knew what might be found in the crumbling interstices of stone foundations underlying old frame buildings in a little country town ! All his life he had put an inquisitive

little nose into these self-same places. It was a part of his daily existence. A habit of nearly fifteen years. And while James dallied in the post-office, which was also the general store, ostensibly getting packages of things done up, that took an unconscionably long time some days, Toby thought, especially if there were any politics in the air, yet that gave him plenty of time for a careful and thorough inspection, and he did not mind the waiting as a rule, for usually one of these parcels contained something interesting. In truth, no matter how heated the political discussion, James rarely forgot to bring home bones for the dogs.

This day James had lingered somewhat longer than usual, for the condition of the country had demanded that he give full vent to those red-hot democratic principles that boiled up obstreperously within him, whenever the name of an erstwhile idol of the republican party was mentioned.

He did not see Toby when he came out, and concluded that for once he had grown tired of waiting for him, and had gone home. He did not think much about him, to tell the truth, for

Toby was known and loved by everyone in Waverly and no one ever molested him except to pet him. So James came home, his head still full of all the big subjects that were menacing the world, and quite forgot to wonder where Toby was, until, hours after, there crept into the living room, no one knew how, a little brown dog, nearly black except where he was splashed with red — a little dog who had once been white, but whom no one now would have recognised as Toby — so completely covered was he with the oozing mud of muck that was strangely tinged with red about the throat.

For days no one thought he would live, but he did live and apparently got quite well again. And Toby's family gloried in his marvellous vitality and endurance, and boasted exultingly that he would surpass the famous English fox terrier Belgrave Joe, who lived to be twenty years old.

But Toby knew better. He lived until his mistress came quite two months later, and then he knew that she would see and understand that there was something cruelly wrong with him —

something he had borne patiently and uncomplainingly, waiting for her to come. She had only one fault, this mistress of his, she would go off and leave him. She was a wise mistress, but not always an understanding one. Rats and woodchucks and woods and things don't mean much — not half so much as one's mistress when the fighting days are over. No one seemed to know, not even James, that a little dog was growing old. Just because he looked well and handsome still, and carried himself with quiet dignity, asking little of the body that was once such a perfect instrument to express his ardent spirit, — *did they think he had lost his spirit?* Did no one suspect that he asked no more of it, that his spirit, still as ardent as ever, made no more demands in pity of the body that was painfully wearing out?

His mistress would know. She had always known just how to help him. Now she was here, he could give up and she would see him through. When the pain seemed too intolerable to be borne, some way it eased a bit to feel the stroke of her hand. And just the sound of

her voice held comfort in it. A little dog — for a brave fox terrier is only a little dog after all — feels so small and helpless with the Unknown closing about him — especially at night. Everything is so much worse for dogs and men at night. She understood, this mistress of his, that it is no disgrace to be beaten in this last fight of all, and after a start of sudden terror, what reassurance to feel his goddess there. To look at her at last in the dim hours of early morning, after days and nights of pain for which there is no alleviation, and with burning eyes of anguish implore her aid. She knows, my mistress knows, that losing now is gaining — to regain somewhere ! And we are losing, inch by inch. What do men call it when they lose to this mysterious foe who always conquers in the end ? They lose and then they find — what ? — Negation, Nirvana, Eternal Peace, the Happy Hunting Ground, the Life Everlasting ?

Ah, joyous, abounding Life ! The woods road — the fresh scent of early spring. Again he leaps far ahead followed by Roy and Blarney. All young again ! Youth is again throbbing in

the sweet spring air. Youth — Eternal Life ! His spirit is bounding to be off — to be free once more. Will no one help him to lose — and thus to gain ?

He started from his dream of spring. It was morning and another cruel night had passed. His mistress, James, and a strange man were bending over him, a man with a tender voice who said pitifully, “You poor sick little dog !” He felt his mistress take him up gently. She held him in her arms and kissed him — and did she say good-bye ? There were tears in her voice, but surely she knew what it would mean to a tired, suffering little dog to be helped to pass over ! She knew, for he had told her in that dim morning hour. She kissed him again and put him in James’s arms — his two best friends who had never failed him — who had not failed him now — for sleep that had been denied him for ten long weary days and nights was coming — had come — at last !

And that gay intrepid spirit, released from the failing outer shell of flesh, is it once more leaping, bounding with the old time exuberance

— entering upon that last “glorious adventure” which Maeterlinck calls Death?

Like St. Roch, to whom heaven was not heaven without his little dog, Toby’s mistress thinks — albeit a little wistfully, but why not hopefully? — that when her spirit passes over, it would seem like “getting home again,” could she find waiting to bid her welcome to that region of Infinite Love, a little white fox terrier with a black spot over one eye and two black spots on his back — a little dog who was all love and life and truth and courage, and who answered to the name of Toby.



*“Lie here sequester’d: be this little mound
Forever thine, and be it holy ground!
Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath the covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise:
More thou deserv’st: but this man gives to man,
Brother to brother, this is all we can,
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear,
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument to thee.*

*“I prayed for thee, and that thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived, till everything that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away;
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees, —
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,*

*Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy
share,
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree.
For love, that comes to all; the holy sense,
Best gift of God, in thee was most intense:
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us men, but to thy kind:
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of love, love's intellectual law:
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thou be an honour'd name!"*

— Wordsworth.

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